GRANDE BRANDE
TALES FROM THE OZONE
NEW IMPROVED COSMICAL GRIT FUNNIES
NO.1
BIG 50¢ DEAL
DOES THIS PLANE GO TO MIAMI?
CRUMBO
BETTY
IGNATZ
MR. TRIX
LOTTSA ACTION-PACKED GOOP ON THE INSIDE

ZERO
ZERO
ZEE
ZERO!
ZERO ZERO ZERO
ZERO
ZERO
ZERO
WHOLE LOTTA
NOTHIN'!
GARY GRIMSHAW

# The BLEEDING HEART Syndrome

OH DAVID...

BUT DEAREST... I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

DAVE AND PHIL HAD BEEN CLOSE FRIENDS FOR YEARS. PHIL WAS STILL SEEING ZELDA, AND-THOUGH I LOVED DAVE I JUST KNEW WE COULDN'T GO ON LIKE THIS...THERE WAS OBVIOUSLY NO PLACE FOR ME IN THIS MAD SCHEME OF THINGS...

POOR DAVE...HE NEVER DID UNDER-STAND...

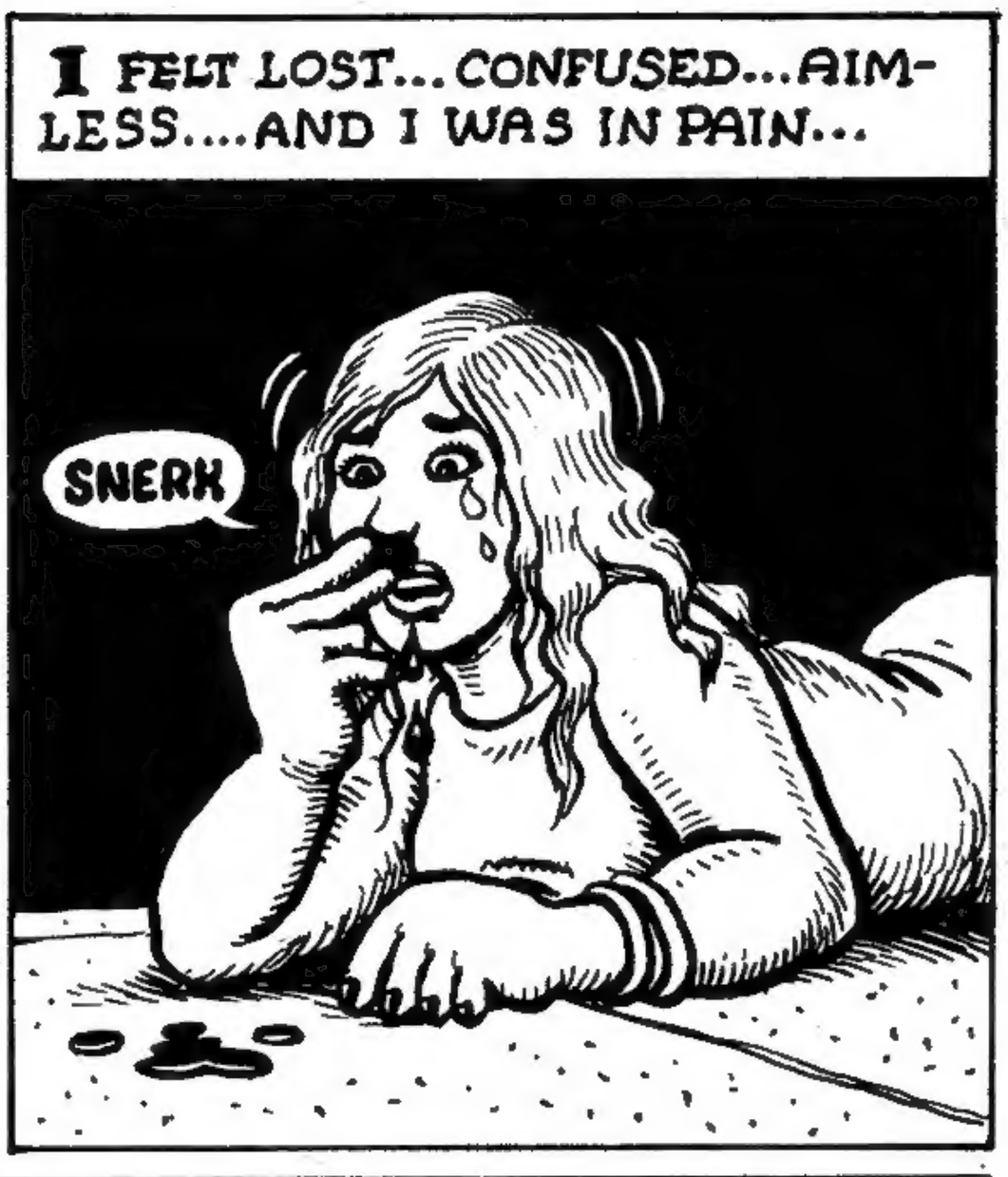
R. CRUMB

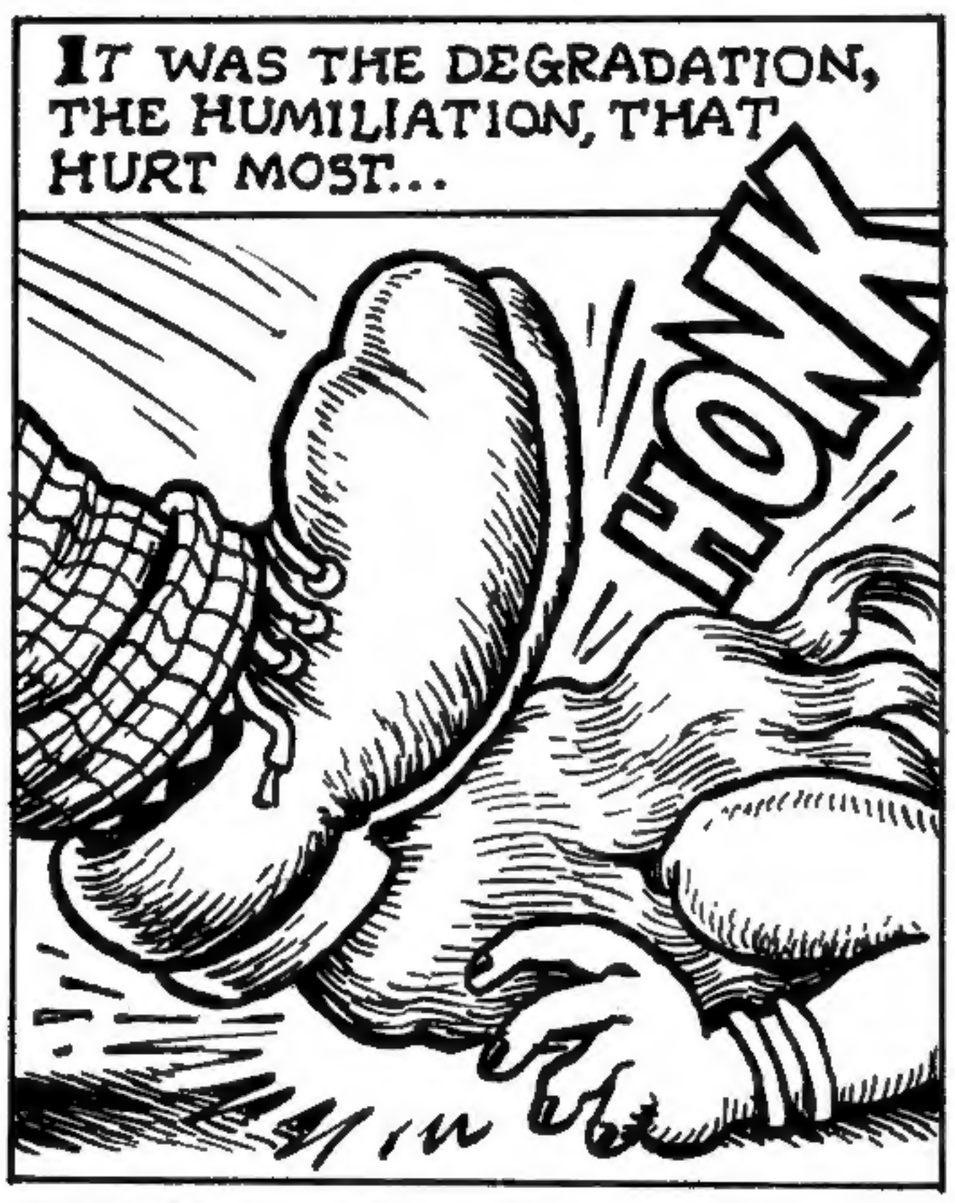
I HAD TO RUN...RUN...RUN... THE TEARS WERE STREAMING DOWN MY FACE...I RAN BLINDLY INTO THE NIGHT...

DARLING! WAIT...I...

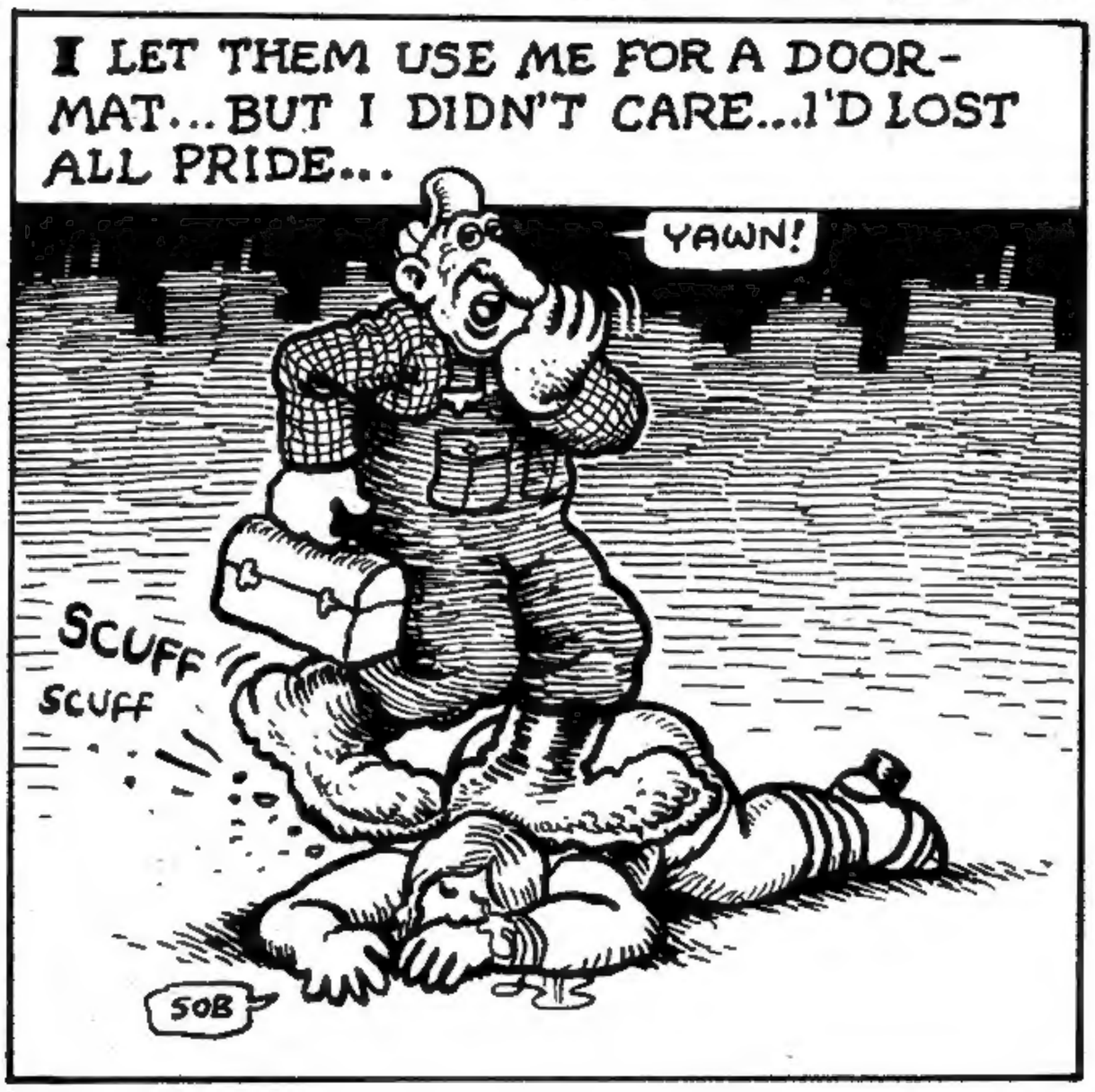
I COULD HEAR DAVE CALLING ME... MY HEART WAS POUNDING...I WAS GETTING WEAK...BUT I KNEW I COULD NEVER STOP RUNNING....

SUDDENLY IT SEEMED AS IF SOMEONE HAD PULLED THE WHOLE WORLD OUT FROM UNDER ME!!


I FELT LOST...CONFUSED...AIMLESS....AND I WAS IN PAIN...
SNERK

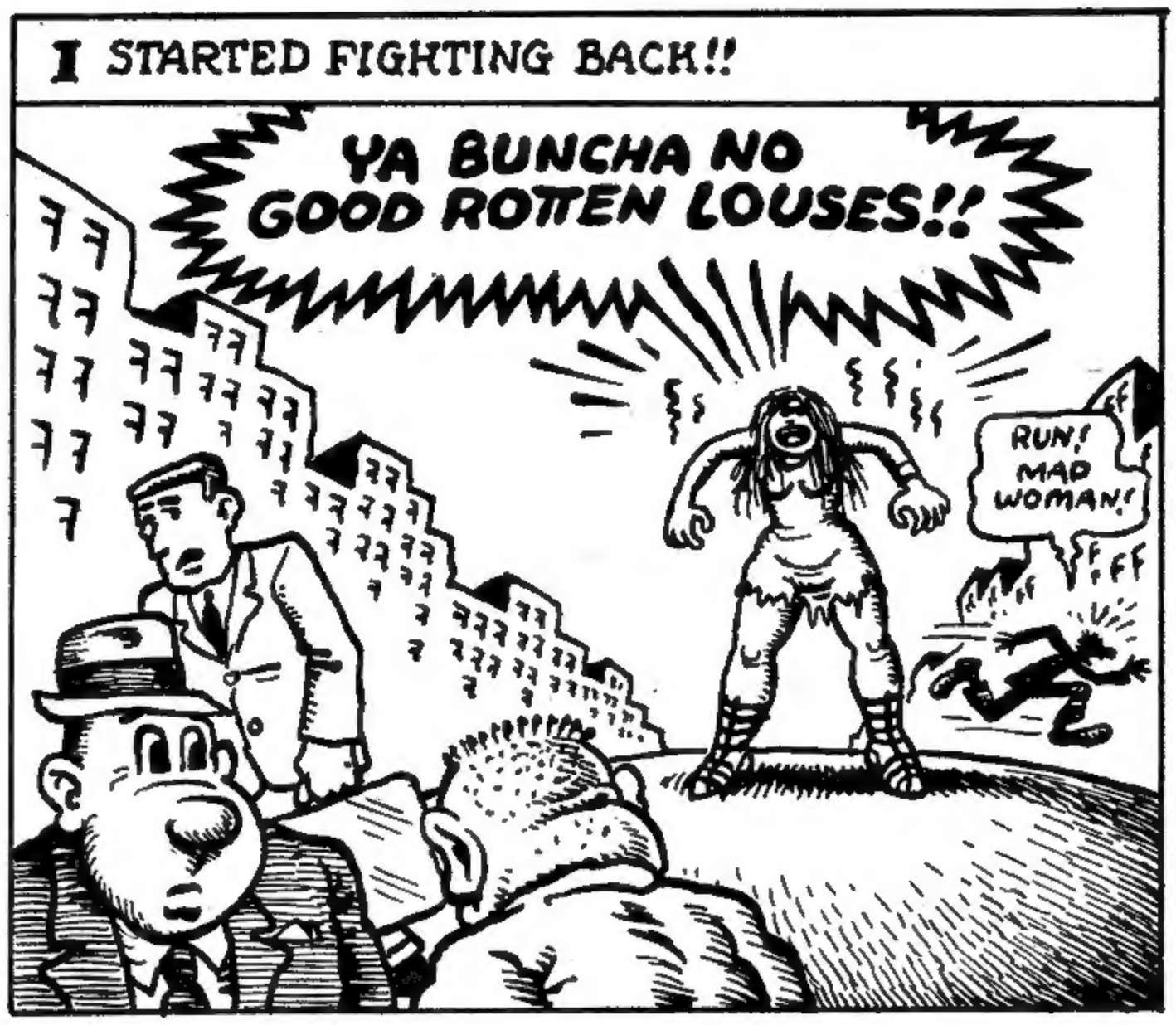

IT WAS THE DEGRADATION, THE HUMILIATION, THAT HURT MOST...
HONK

...BEING STEPPED ON...LETTING PEOPLE WALK ALL OVER ME...
HAR HAR HAR
WE ALL GOT TROUBLES LADY! HAW HAW
HYUCK HYUCK


I LET THEM USE ME FOR A DOORMAT...BUT I DIDN'T CARE...I'D LOST ALL PRIDE...
YAWN!
SCUFF SCUFF
SOB

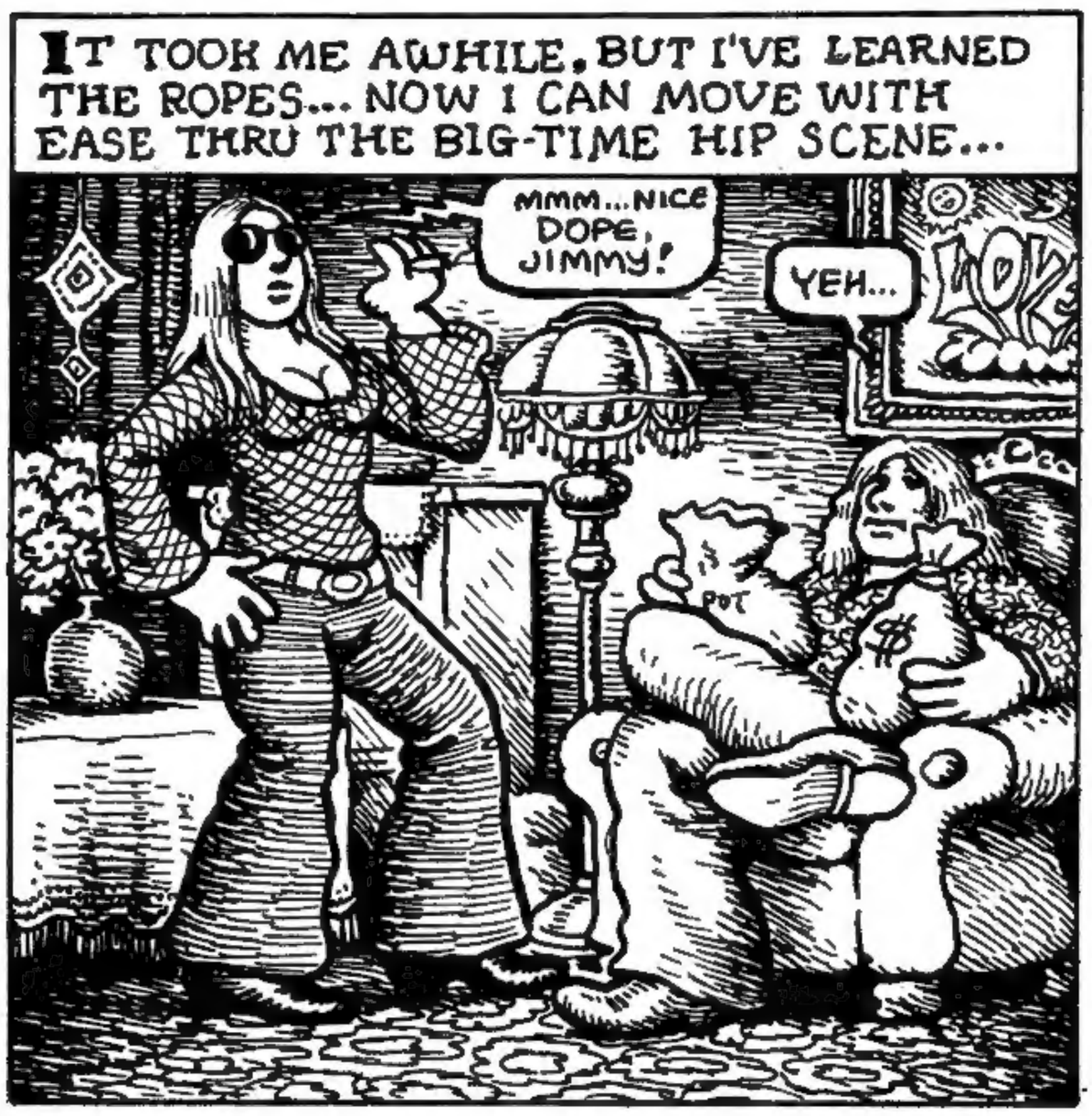
I ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE DRAGGED THROUGH THE MUD...IT DIDN'T MATTER...
GRUNT
I'LL RAISE Y' TWO...
HIT ME

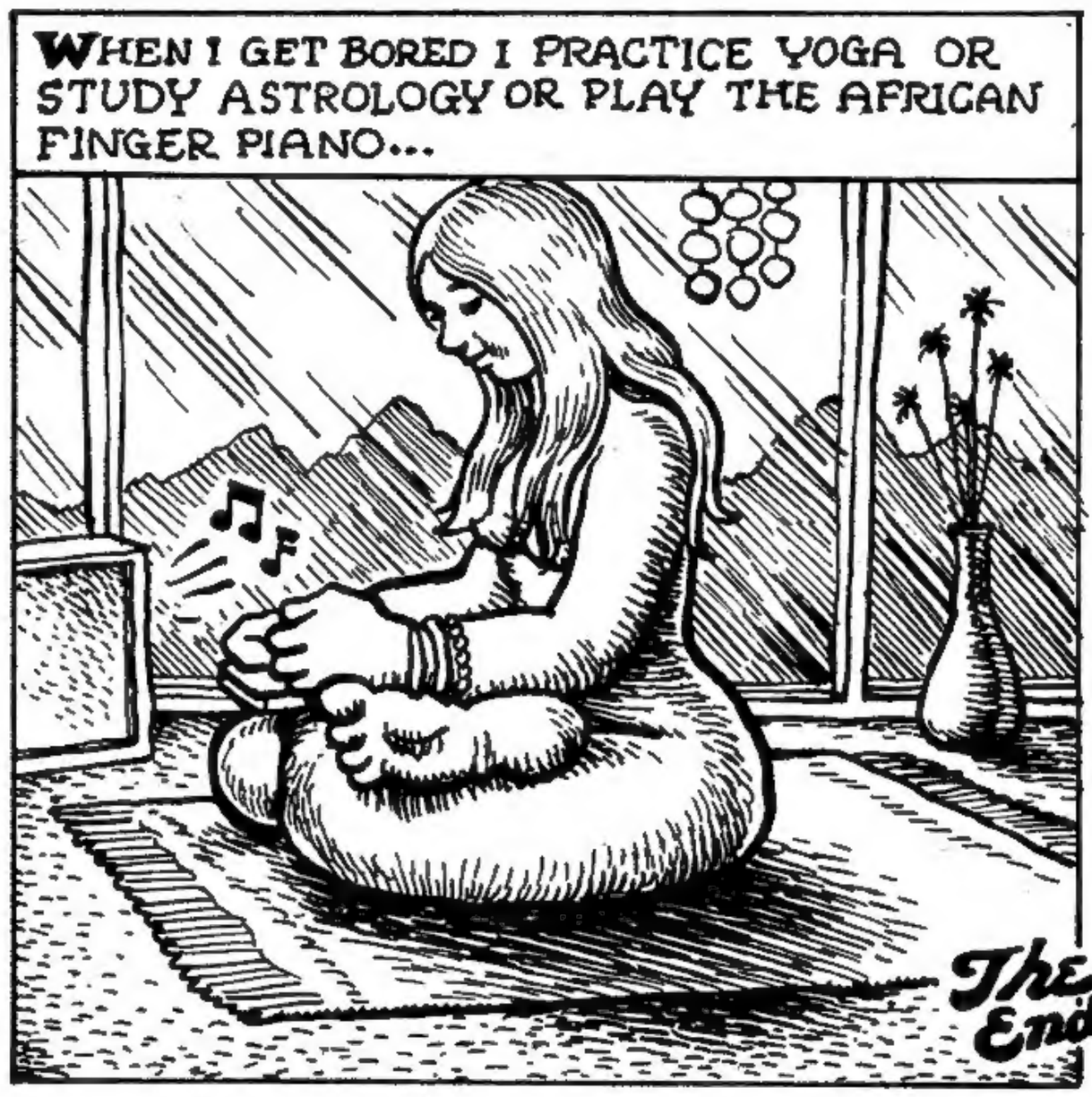
FINALLY I GOT TIRED OF BEING TREATED LIKE DIRT!!
HAW HAW
HEE HEE
@☆!!!


I STARTED FIGHTING BACK!!
YA BUNCHA NO GOOD ROTTEN LOUSES!!
RUN! MAD WOMAN!

I SPIT IN THEIR FACE!!
WHAT TH—
PTOO!

I KICK THEIR ASS JUST LIKE I GOT MINE KICKED!!
PUNT!
HIT THE ROAD, JACK!
YERK


IT TOOK ME AWHILE, BUT I'VE LEARNED THE ROPES... NOW I CAN MOVE WITH EASE THRU THE BIG-TIME HIP SCENE...
MMM...NICE DOPE, JIMMY!
YEH...


WHEN I GET BORED I PRACTICE YOGA OR STUDY ASTROLOGY OR PLAY THE AFRICAN FINGER PIANO...
The End

# STEEL PIMPLE HOVER MACHINE MODEL 1918

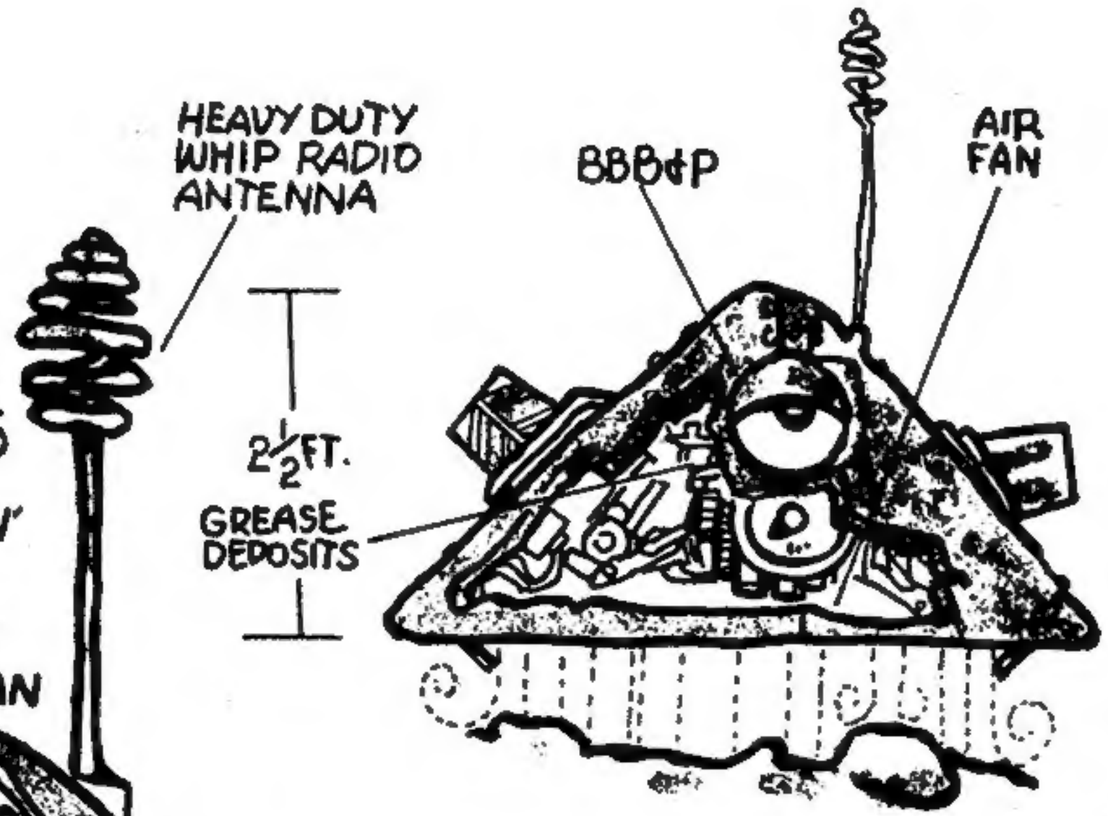
BODE'S MACHINES NO.1 ©1968

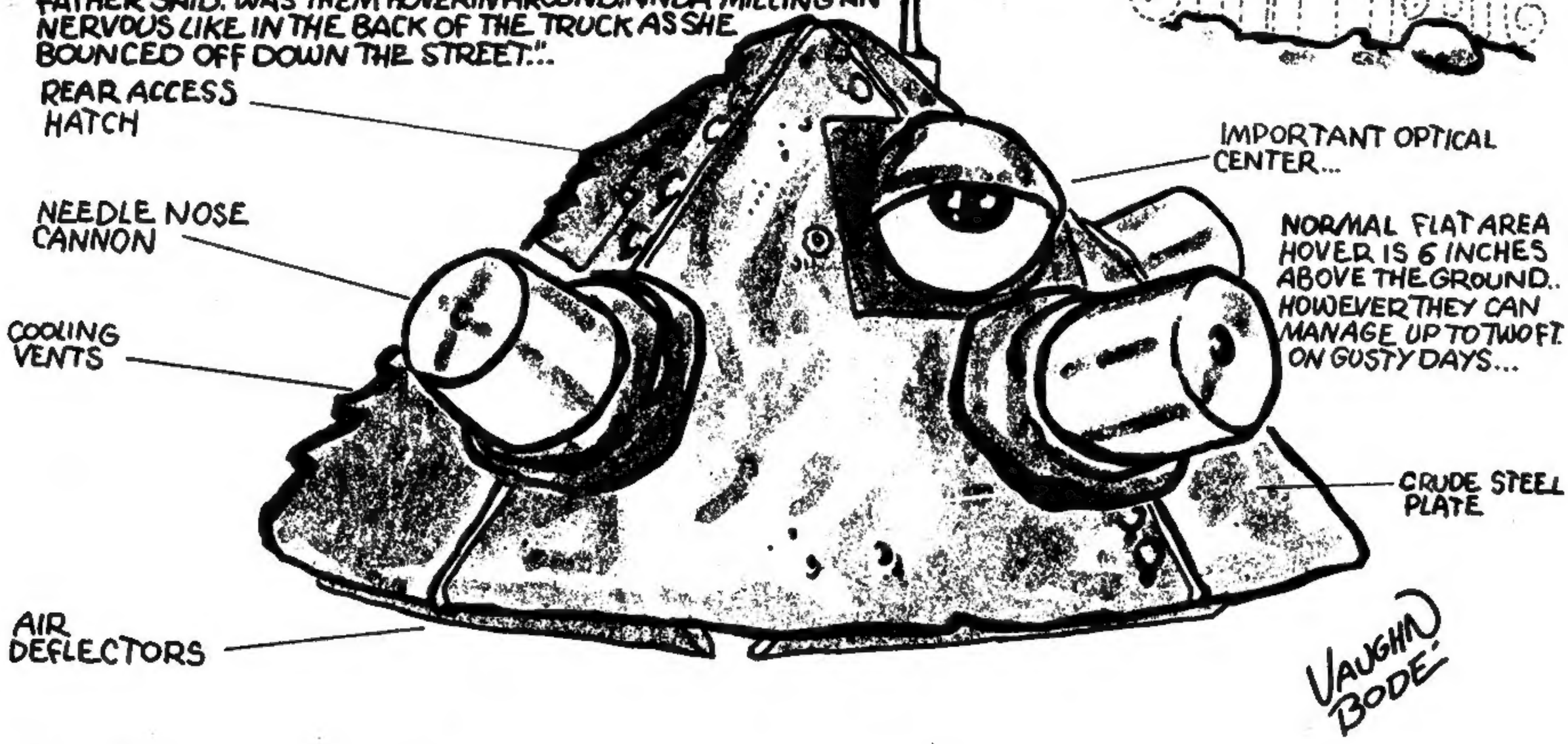
STEEL PIMPLES ARE DESIGNED TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF SUPER POPULATIONS LIKE CHINA OR INDIA... IN LIEU OF ARMIES COUNTING IN THE MILLIONS, WE CAN OFFER MILLIONS OF STEEL PIMPLES... TOOLING UP AND GOING INTO MASS PRODUCTION WILL STIMULATE THE ECONOMY TO A SINFUL LEVEL.. THEN WHEN MILLIONS ARE DONE THEY WILL 'RESTORE' THE PROPER 1984 ATMOSPHERE...

MY GRANDFATHER ACTUALLY TRIED TO SELL HIS ONLY MODEL TO THE CHINESE IN 1919, BUT IT WASN'T WATCHING WHERE IT WAS HOVERING AND IT FELL OFF THE DOCK AT BREMERHAVEN AND SUNK...

AGAIN, IN 1936, FIVE MORE WERE BUILT TO DEMONSTRATE THE STEEL PIMPLE 'FIRE BLANKET' OR THE ABILITY OF A SQUAD OF PIMPLES TO COVER ALL FIELDS OF FIRE...

AGAIN THE CHINESE WERE TO REVIEW THIS, "WELLY INTRESTIN' WESTERN TOI"... BUT FATE WAS UNKIND ONCE AGAIN BECAUSE SOMEONE FILCHED GRANDDAD'S TRUCK WHEN HE STOPPED FOR LUNCH.. "THE LAST HE SAW OF THE PIMPLES," MY FATHER SAID, "WAS THEM HOVERIN AROUND, KINDA' MILLING AN NERVOUS LIKE IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK AS SHE BOUNCED OFF DOWN THE STREET"...

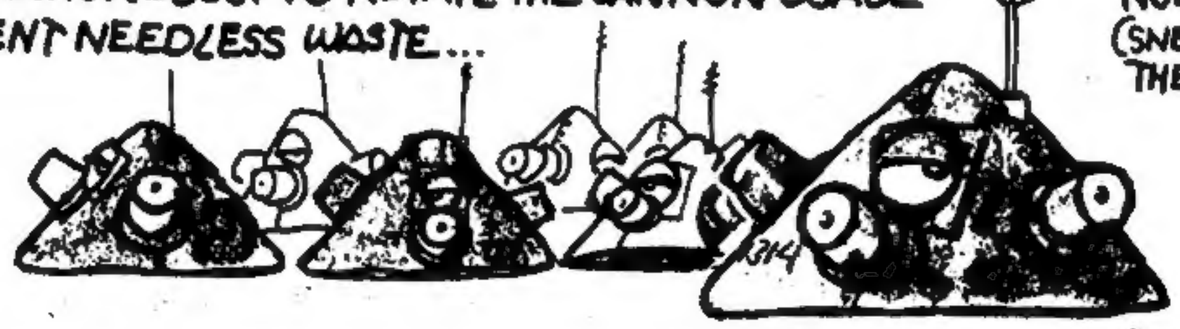


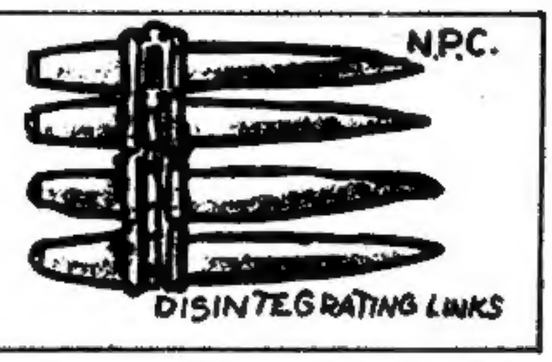

STEEL PIMPLES HAVE THE TYPICAL ORIENTAL DEATH WISH DISCOVERED BY THE AMERICANS... THEY LIKE TO MASS UP AND MILL AROUND IN PREPARATION FOR AN UNSTOPPABLE SUICIDE ATTACK. WHEN THEIR GREASE HEATS UP ENOUGH THEY ARE VICIOUS FANATICAL, UNPRINCIPALED KILLERS... AND THIS, OF COURSE, IS WHERE WE GET THE SAYING, "DON'T GET MY GREASE UP"...

NOW, ON A MASS PRODUCTION OUTPUT WE FIGURE THE INDIVIDUAL PIMPLE WOULD COST A TRIFLING $1.50!... BUT, ONLY IF PRODUCTION IS SCALED PER MILLION....

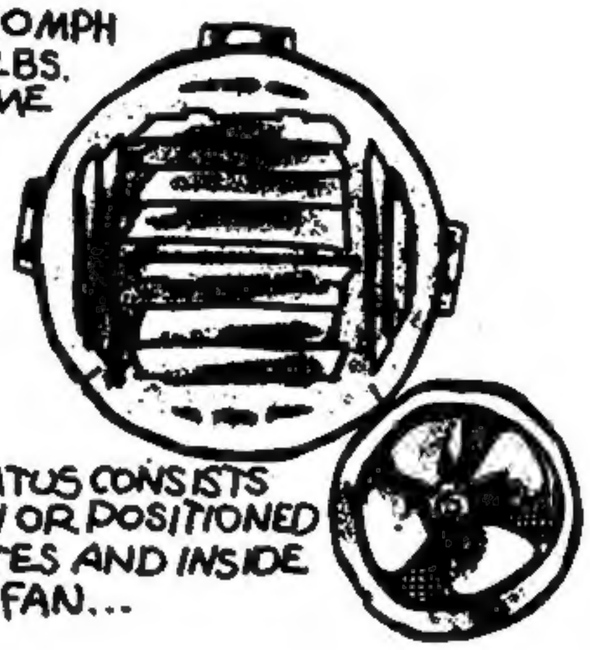
A NOTE TO PERSPECTIVE BUYERS: THEY ARE SUSCEPTABLE TO INTERIOR GREASE FIRES CAUSED BY OVER ACTIVITY OF THE NOSE CANNON - BEST TO ROTATE THE CANNON USAGE AND PREVENT NEEDLESS WASTE...



NEEDLE PUNCHERS, PUNCH NEAT LITTLE HOLES IN EITHER MECHANICAL OR ORGANIC OBJECTS.. SINCE THE 'BULLETS' ARE STORED IN OLD GREASE THEY ARE LIABLE TO MAKE ANY LIFE FORM SICK TOO...




INFORMATION
GROUND SPEED: 0-10 MPH
WEIGHT.....400 LBS.
NOISE LEVEL.... EXTREME
(SNEAK ATTACKS OUT OF THE QUESTION).....



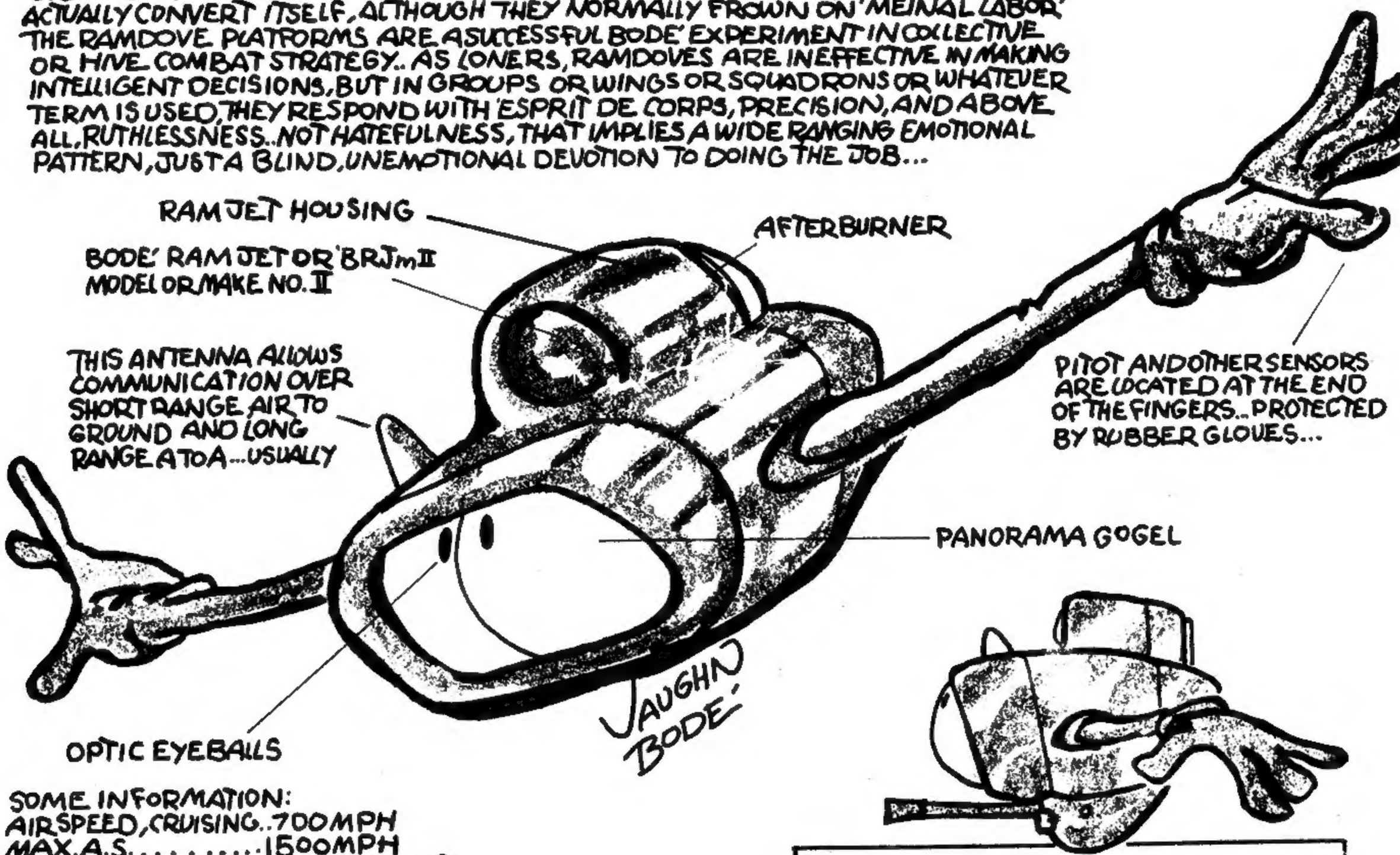
FOR 1.50 PIMPLES AREN'T TOO BRIGHT IN THE BBB&P DEPT.... UNLESS UNDER INTELLIGENT RADIO GUIDENCE THEY ARE LIKELY TO GET TALKED OUT OF IT, DRIFT OFF OR FIGHT AMONG THEMSELVES...

THE HOVER APPARATUS CONSISTS OF MOTOR DRIVEN OR POSITIONED AIR DIRECTION PLATES AND INSIDE ONE BIG FOUR BLADE FAN...

# RAMDOVE WEAPONS PLATFORM MODEL 1984

BODE'S MACHINES NO.1 ©1968

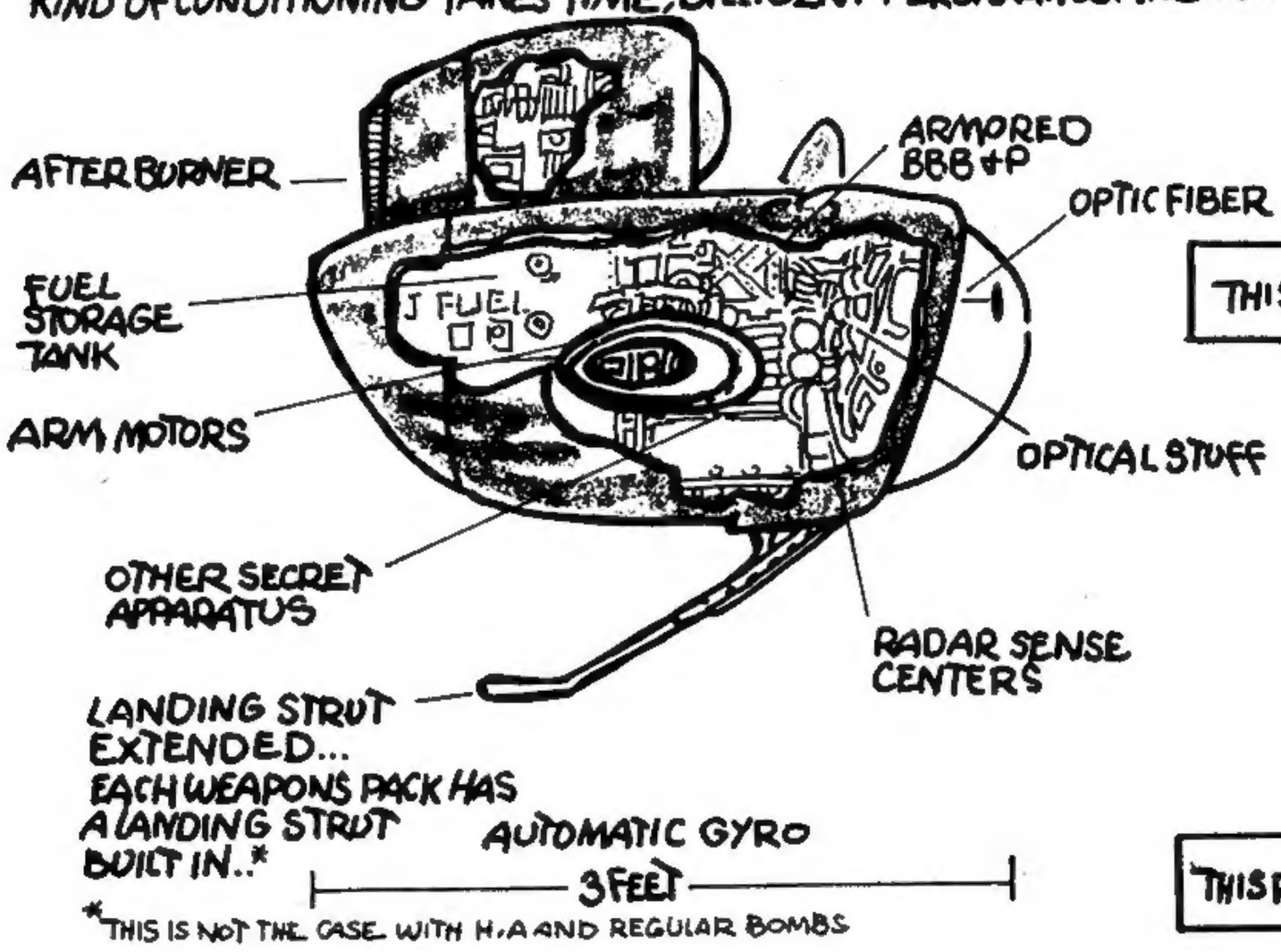
THE RAMDOVES ARE PROBABLY ONE OF THE MOST SOPHISTICATED MACHINE DESIGNS IN THE BODE' CATALOG OF '200 COMBAT MACHINES'... RAMDOVES ARE WEAPONS DELIVERY SYSTEMS IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD... THEY ARE QUICKLY ADAPTABLE TO A MULTITUDE OF AIR TO AIR, AIR TO GROUND MISSIONS.. IN 60 SECONDS FLAT ATTENDING MECHANICS CAN CONVERT A RAMDOVE BOMBER INTO A RAMDOVE GROUND STRAFING INSTRUMENT.... AS A MATTER OF FACT THE RAMDOVE CAN ACTUALLY CONVERT ITSELF, ALTHOUGH THEY NORMALLY FROWN ON 'MEINAL LABOR' THE RAMDOVE PLATFORMS ARE A SUCCESSFUL BODE' EXPERIMENT IN COLLECTIVE OR HIVE COMBAT STRATEGY.. AS LONERS, RAMDOVES ARE INEFFECTIVE IN MAKING INTELLIGENT DECISIONS, BUT IN GROUPS OR WINGS OR SQUADRONS OR WHATEVER TERM IS USED, THEY RESPOND WITH 'ESPRIT DE CORPS, PRECISION, AND ABOVE ALL, RUTHLESSNESS.. NOT HATEFULNESS, THAT IMPLIES A WIDE RANGING EMOTIONAL PATTERN, JUST A BLIND, UNEMOTIONAL DEVOTION TO DOING THE JOB...

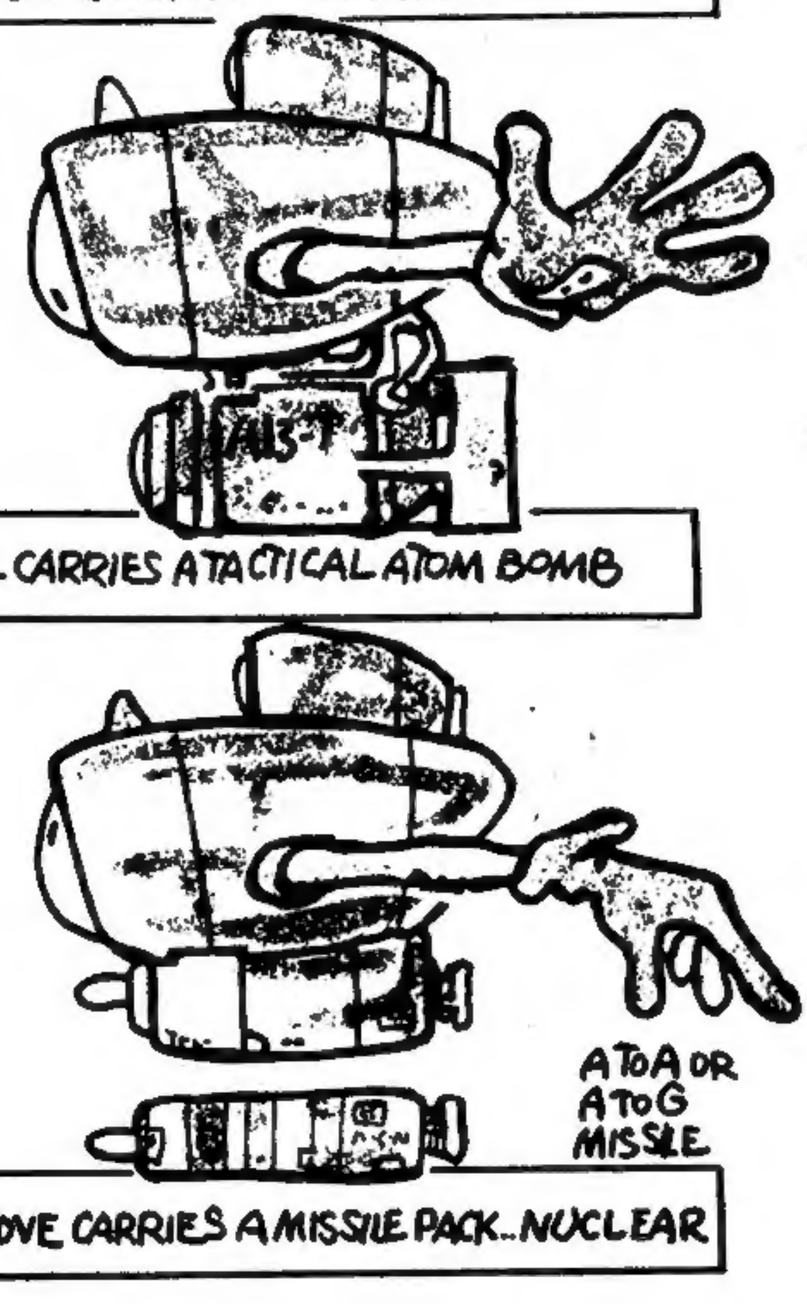



SOME INFORMATION:
AIRSPEED, CRUISING..700 MPH
MAX. A.S. .....1500 MPH
(SHORT SPRINT W/AFTER BURNER ONLY)
RANGE ..... 2000 MILES
CIRCUIT ..... 1,000 MILES
½ CIRCUIT ..... 500 MILES

THE RAMDOVE ABOVE IS MOUNTED ON A WEAPONS POD, CARRYING A 20 MM CANNON AND 'VOOOF' QUICKFIRE MACHINE GUN

THE COST OF THESE FANTASTIC MACHINES RUNS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF 25,000.00 EACH.. THIS IS DUE MAINLY TO THE DELICATE BRAIN JOB... THEY MUST BE VERY INTELLIGENT YET ACT WITH BLIND, UNREASONING OBEDIENCE.. MUCH THE SAME AS FIGHTER PILOTS OF THE 60'S.. AND THAT KIND OF CONDITIONING TAKES TIME, DILLIGENT PERSISTANCE AND MONEY...



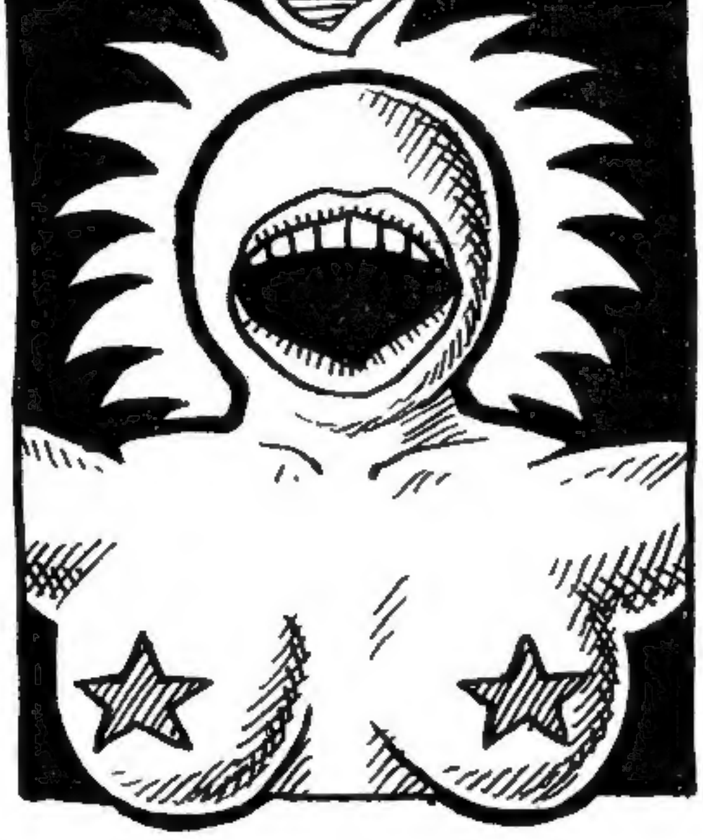



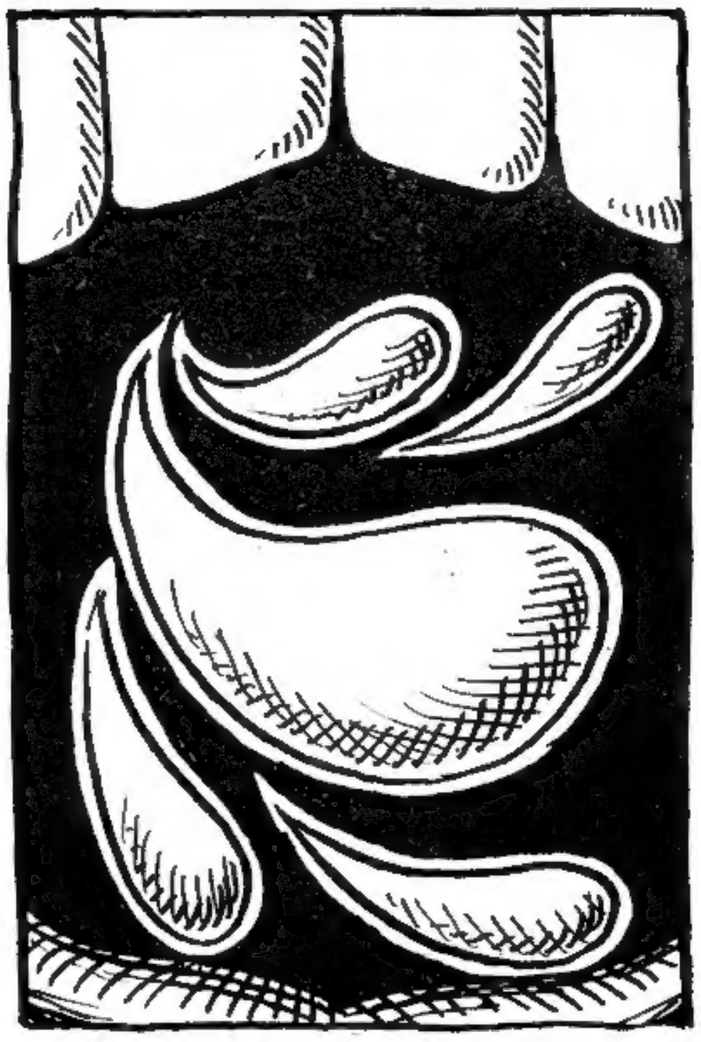

THIS ONE CARRIES A TACTICAL ATOM BOMB

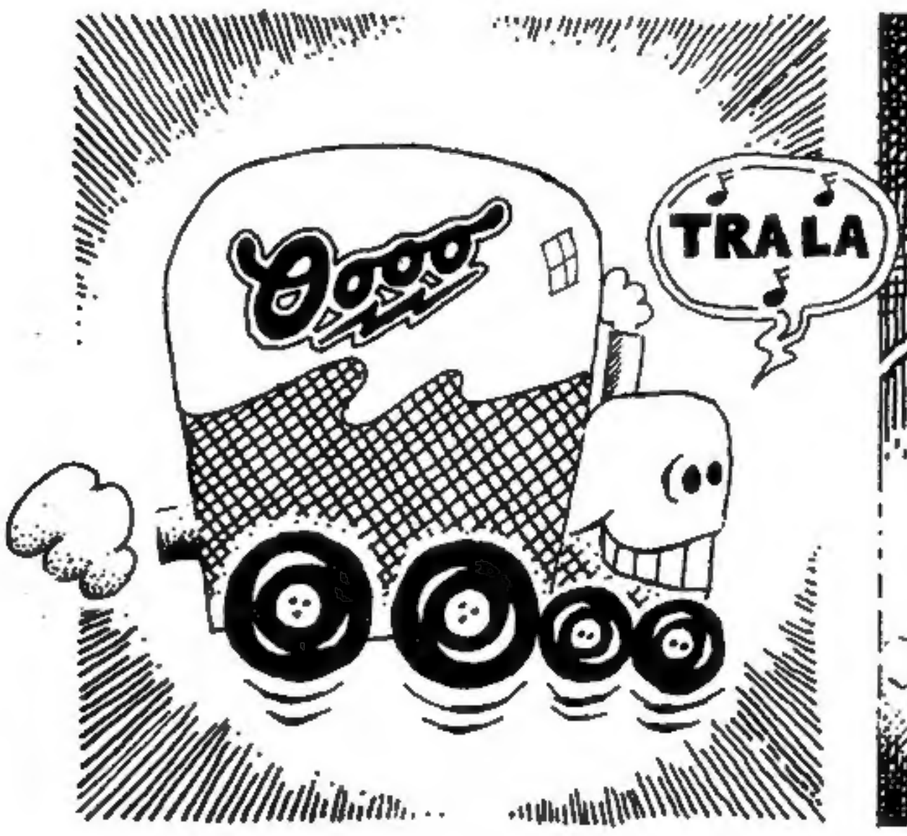
THIS RAMDOVE CARRIES A MISSLE PACK.. NUCLEAR

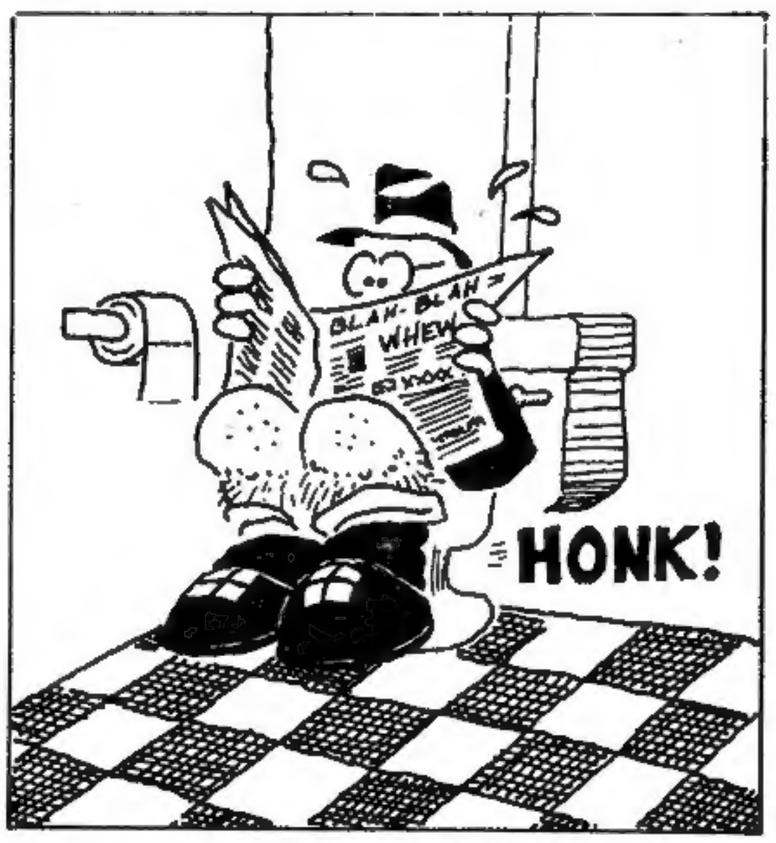
ARTIFICIAL EVOLUTION
KIDS, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT PAINS HAVE BEEN SUFFERED TO GET YOU HERE.
BUT THAT'S ALRIGHT... MAYBE IT'S BETTER YOU DIDN'T KNOW.

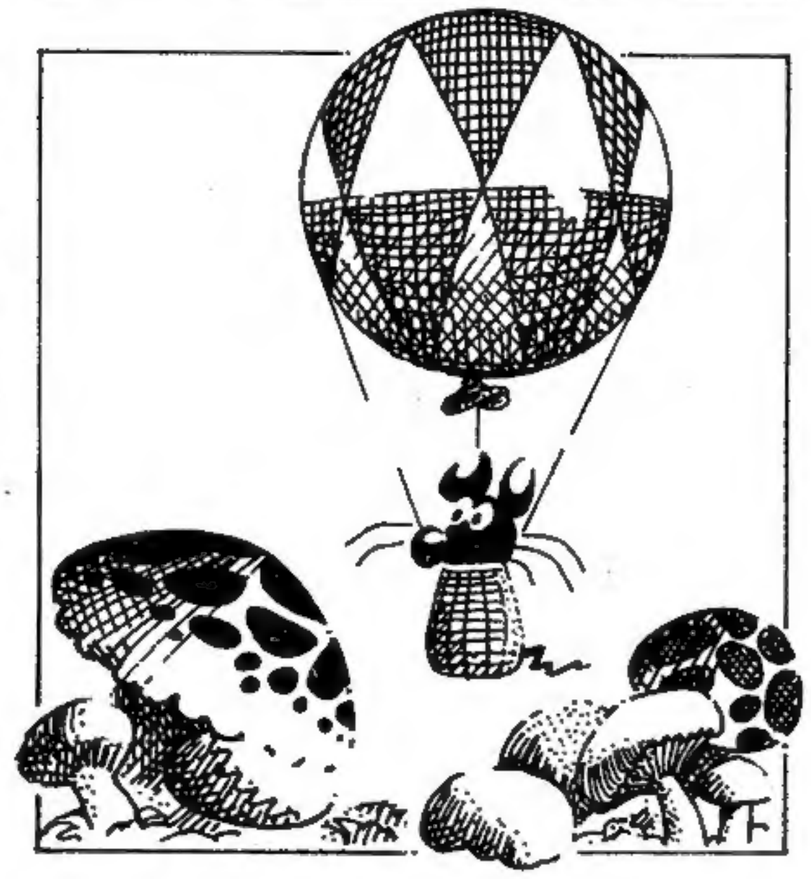
# PAGAN RITES

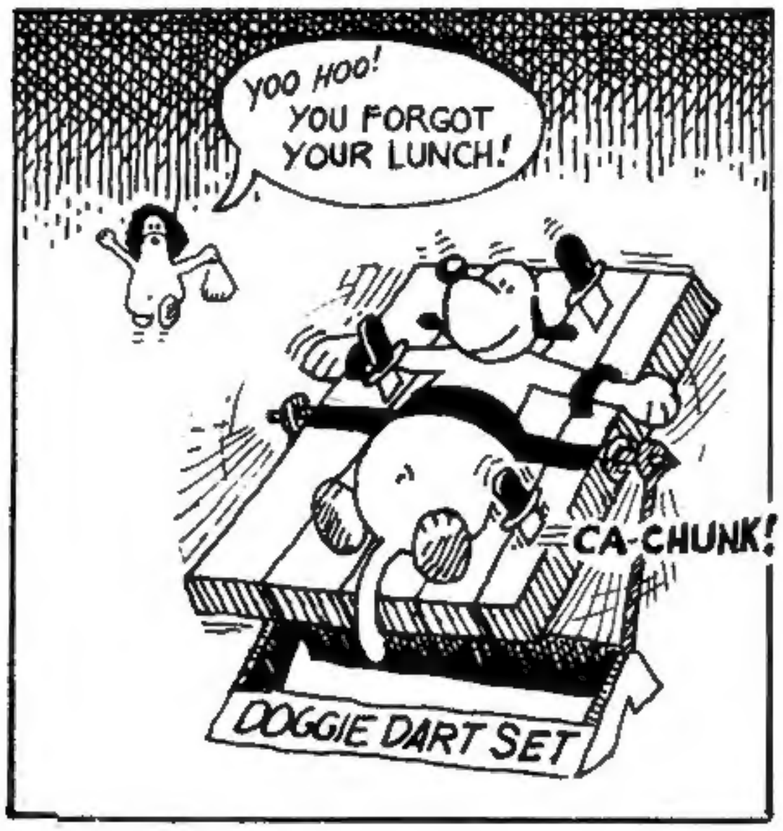


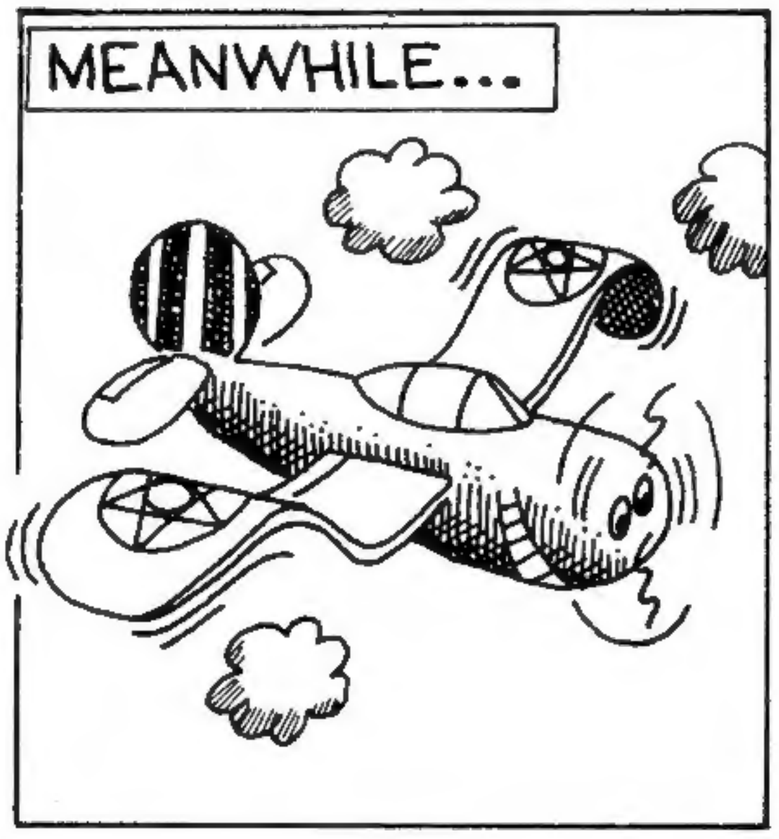


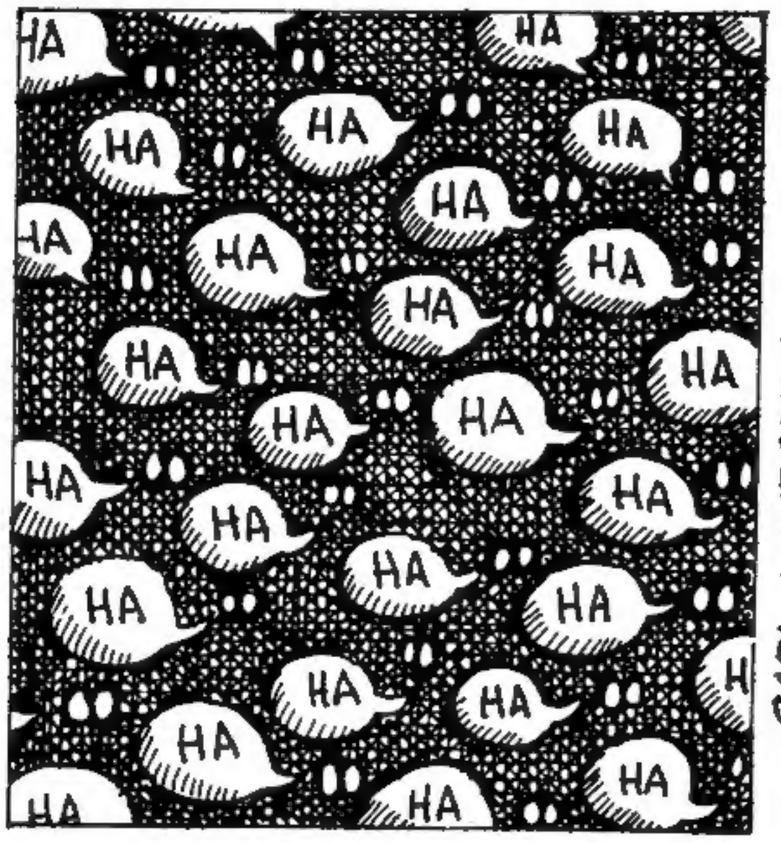




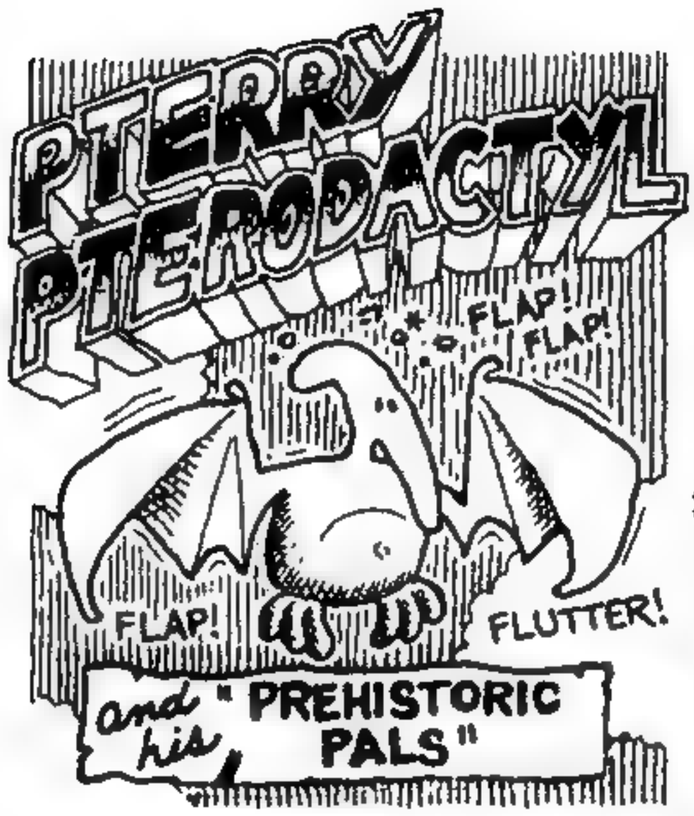


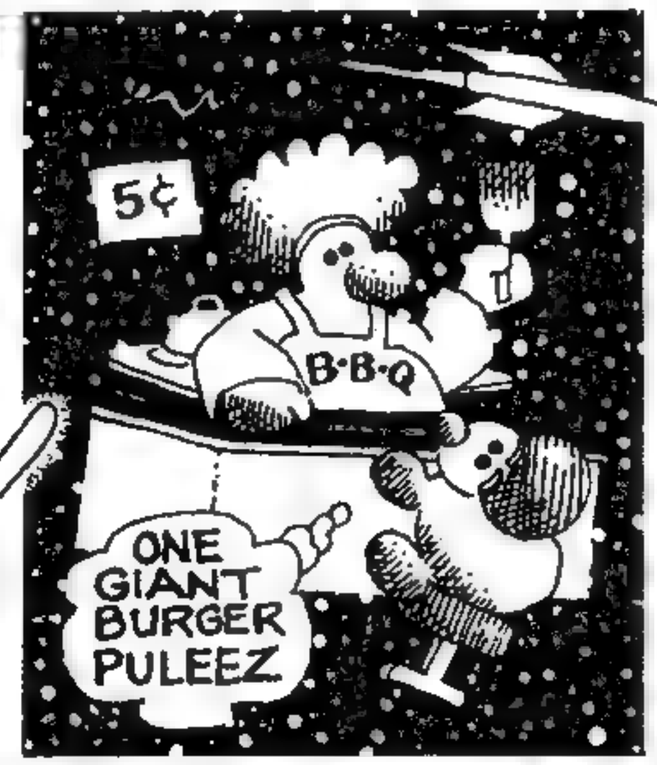


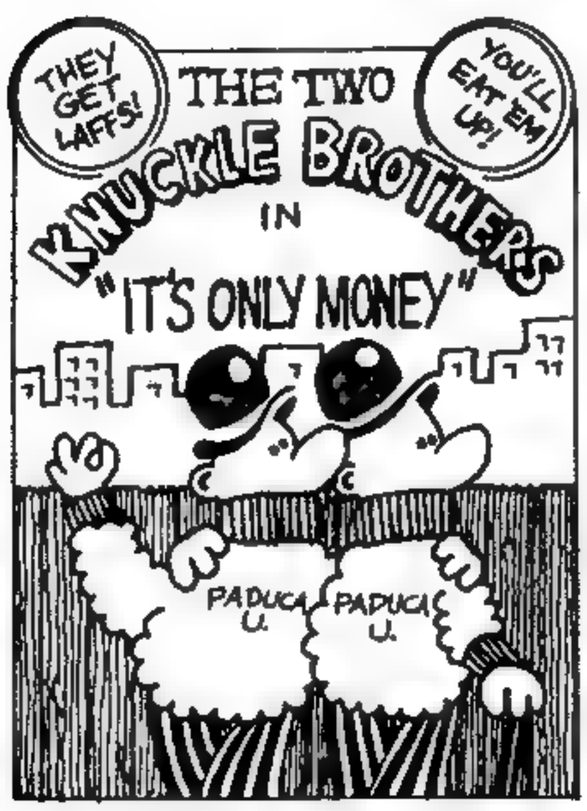



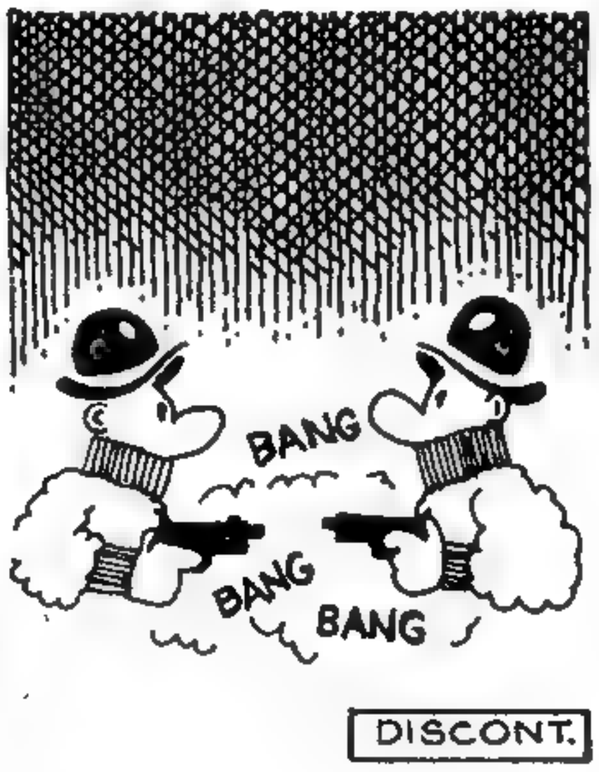



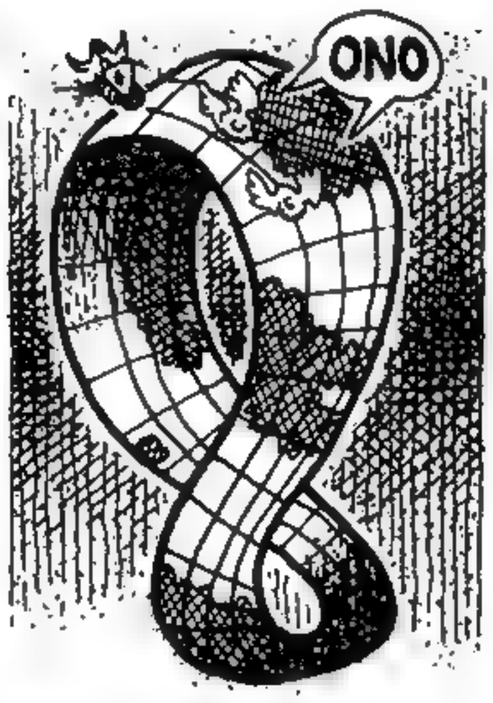

CARL LUNDGREN











CARL LUNDGREN

IN A MOMENT OUR STORY...
BUT FIRST...
ADMIT ONE
Here's your ticket to THE INFAMOUS ZAP!!
BOOY!
KLIK!
YOU KNOW, THESE THINGS SOMETIMES...
GET RIDICULOUS? YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
OH SHUT UP HENRY!
and now... some
SEX
BECAUSE AFTER ALL, YOU EXPECT SOME OF THAT IN A HIP MAG LIKE THIS — DON'T YOU?
CENSORED
MARIA
JA COPLEY

DETROIT RADIOLAND ~ WKNR FM - WABX FM

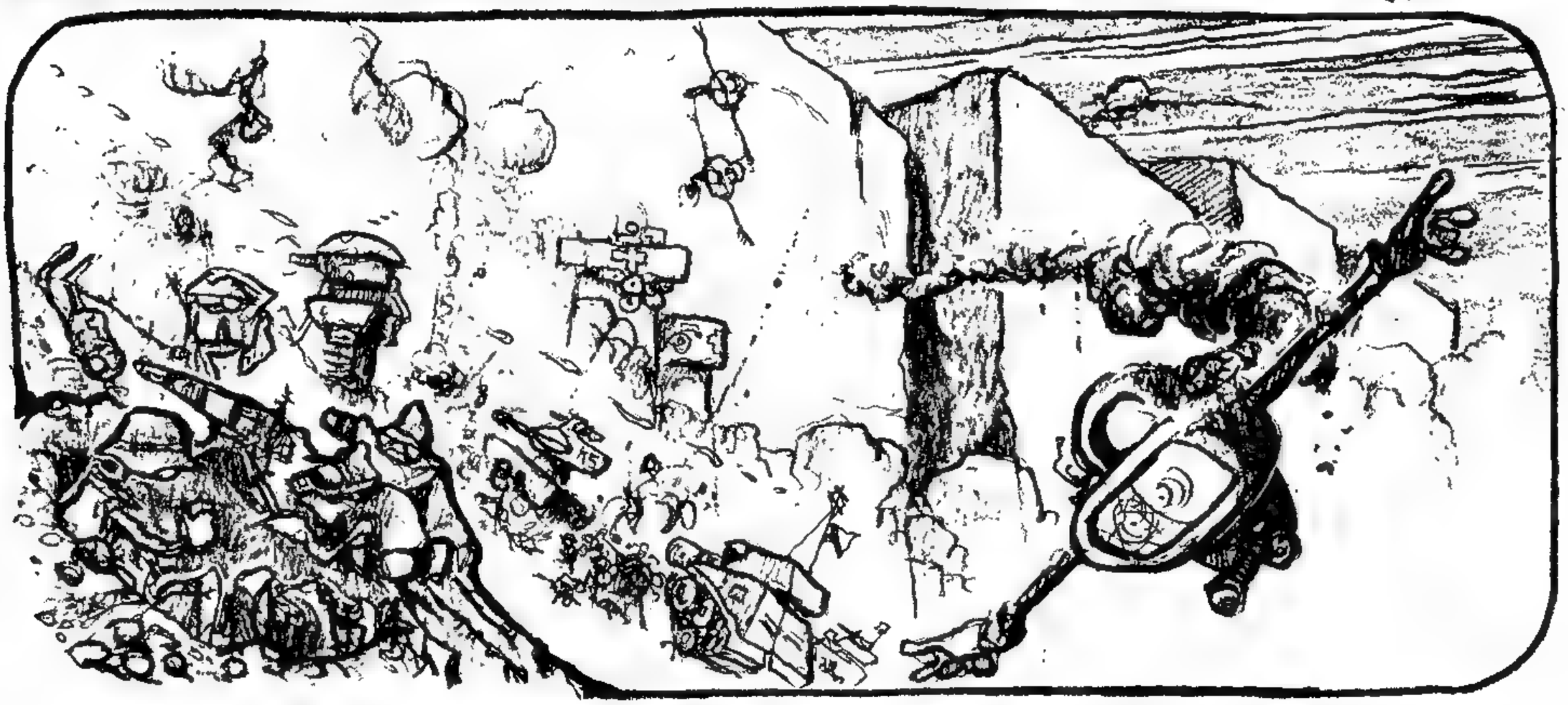
"THE MACHINE,...YOU SEE, WAS ALLWAYS THE WINNER, BECAUSE WE ARE NOT THE RELATIVES OF NATURAL THINGS BECAUSE WE ARE THE TRUE INDIVIDUAL UNIQUES OF OUR UNIVERSE"...'BICK:... ..UM... DAT SOUND JUS' FINE...SEVER UNWAVERN' MACHINE INTELLIGENCE... ...AHH...LES' SEE NOW..... "IT DID NOT TAKE MANY YEARS BEFORE THE BODE' MACHINES BECAME THE SOLE CAPABLE FIGHTING FORCE ON THIS PLACE..AND IT DID NOT TAKE MANY YEARS BEFORE THE GREAT TURNOVER BEGAN"..... 'GLICK', FINE STUFF I COMIN' OUT WIF TODAY...DA OL' THINKER REALLY TRIPPIN OFF DA GOOD WORDS"...AHH, WET DA DUMB PENCIL HERE..... "DA REVOLTS BEGAN"....I SAID DAT.....'ZERK'.....!" "YOU MAY THINK MACHINE TURNED AGAINST MAN..'UNTRUE'...WE SIMPLY BECAME OVER ZEALOUS WITH OUR TASK..WHICH WAS TO DESTROY THE ENEMY..AND THAT INCLUDED BOTH STINKIN' HOMANS AND SHINY MACHINE... ER...VIK..STINKIN HUMANS'..I LIKE DAT...REAL PUNCH..HINTS OF UNDERLYIN HOSTILITY... "MACHINE...BODE'S MACHINES GOT OUTTA' HAND IN A BIG WAY... IT TOOK LESS THAN TWO YEARS AND WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE BLOBBY HUMAN RACE FLED UNDERGROUND..THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO..MOST MUST BE 'INACTIVATED' BY NOW..NO GREAT LOSS TO US, WE JUST CONTINUE OUR MISSION... AND OUR MISSION IS TO DESTROY THE ENEMY AND THATS WHAT WE DO HERE... WE MASS PRODUCE OURSELVES BY THE MULTI-MILLIONS AND DESTROY EACH OTHER WITH THE SAME GUSTO AS ALWAYS..ONLY NOW WE DO NOT FIGHT THE ENEMY STATE, WE FIGHT ALL THE OTHER MACHINES THAT ARE DIFFERENT AND INFERIOR..

# BMH BSB 8

BODE' MACHINE HISTORY
BLUE STONE BATTLE number 8
BODE'S MACHINES NO1 © 1968

"AS I RECALL IT, WITH THE HELP OF MY BASE COMPUTER 'BLUM.' ...WAIT..HAVE TO SHARPEN MY PENCIL...ZERR...TIC-TIC...LOW DE DUM?...THERE WE IS..... "THE BSB8,..OR THE EIGHTH BLUESTONE MT. BATTLE, TOOK PLACE DEC. 25, 2,008 AD"... UM..DAT A CHUNKY SOUNDIN' NUMBER...2,008 A.D..DON'T DA SMELLY, HAIRY HUMANS WISH THEY WAS AROUN TO MOUTH IT....

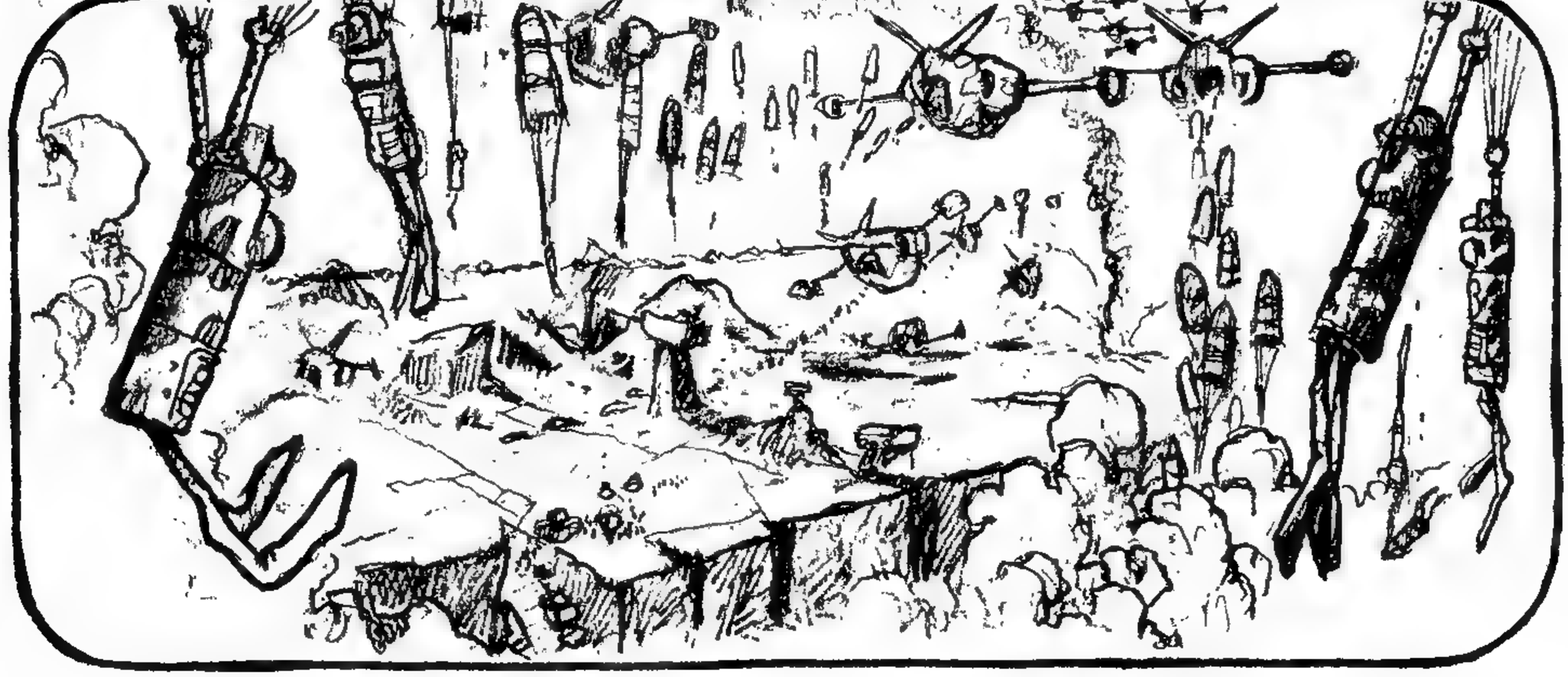
"BLUE STONE MOUNTAIN IS OF CERTAIN STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE TO ONE OF THA ENEMY DESIGNS.. SO IMPORTANT DAT SEVERAL TYPES OF MACHINES ATTACKED IT SIMULTANEOUSLY ON DA 18TH OF DEC...IT WAS FELT DAT DIS"... ER...REWRITE DAT LAST CRUMBY LINE..GOTTA WATCH MYSELF.... 'IT WAS FELT DAT DIS WAS'.... NOW, DAMN IT, I DID IT AGAIN!.. "BLUESTONE HAD TO BE TAKEN BY THE 25TH OF THE MONTH OR ON THE HUMAN HOLIDAY OF 'CHRISTMESS'..BECAUSE THE MACHINES HOLD UP IN THE BOWELS OF DA PLACE WERE A DERANGED, CONSERVATIVE BUNCH OF FANATICAL THROW BACKS... THEY HAD REINSTATED THE HUMAN GOD..AHH..WHAT'S HIS NAME...UMM..ON DA TIP OF MY ORFACTORY SENSOR... 'CHRIST'....DAT DA ONE!...

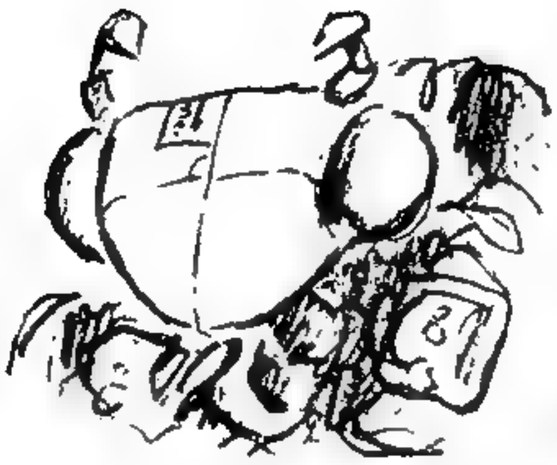


"YES, CHRIST WAS DA PRIME MOTIVATION BEHIND EIGHT DAYS OF TREMENDOUS BATTLE UP ON BLUE STONE..THIS MOUNTAIN WAS NO PUSH OVER...IT WAS A COMPLEX, DEEP ROOTED TUMOR DAT THREATENED OUR MECHANICAL WORLD... I MEAN, HELL, WHAT ONE OF US NEEDS ANYTHING BUT FUEL AN A LITTLE LUCK TO KEEP US GOIN THROUGH OUR SPANS..

IT WAS EVEN RUMORED DAT THE FANATICS HAD RESCUED A COUPLE THOUSAND HUMANS AND WERE VENERATING THEM!..I MEAN I HAS NOTHING AGAINST HUMANS AN THEIR DISGUSTING, JUICY, SQUISHY BODIES..IT JUST THEY HAD THEIR TURN AN BLEW IT, SO WHY RAKE OLD COALS, EH?..... ..EVERY TIME I THINKS OF DAT WHOLE MESS I GETS A SOUR TASTE OF RUST IN MY AIR INTAKES...

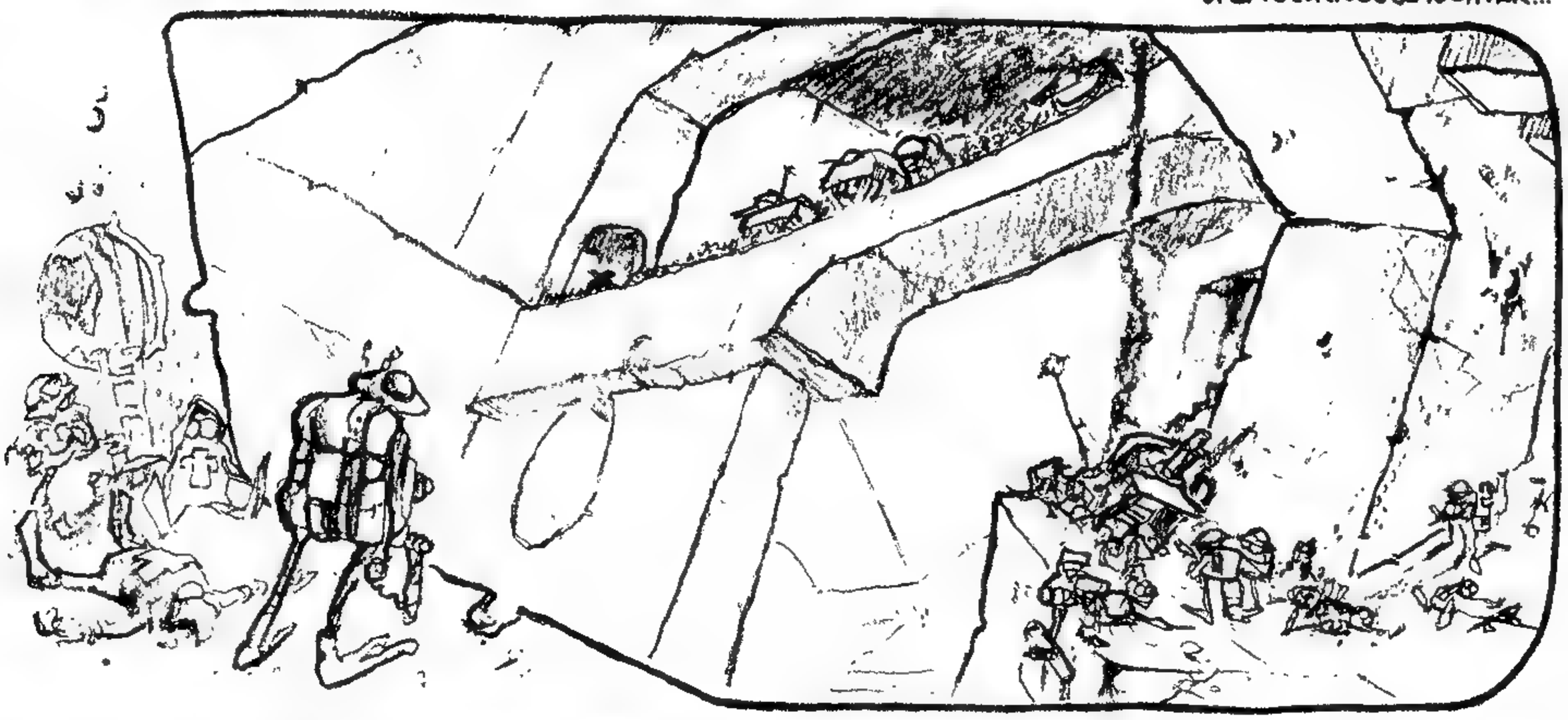
WE HIT BLUE STONE MOUNTAIN.. 700 RAMDOVES, THEM DIDDELLY, WORTHLESS FLYIN' APPARATUS, LED OFF WITH A NUCLEAR HOLOCAST DAT TOOK OUT..OH.. 10,20 THOUSAND BLUE STONERS.. EVEN DEN WE ALL CHEERED WHEN WE FOUND OUT THE 700 RAMOUDS' DONE FLEW THER LAST ROUNDUP....15,000 PUNKERPAN, SPECIAL [HAHA] FORCES PARACHUTED IN...



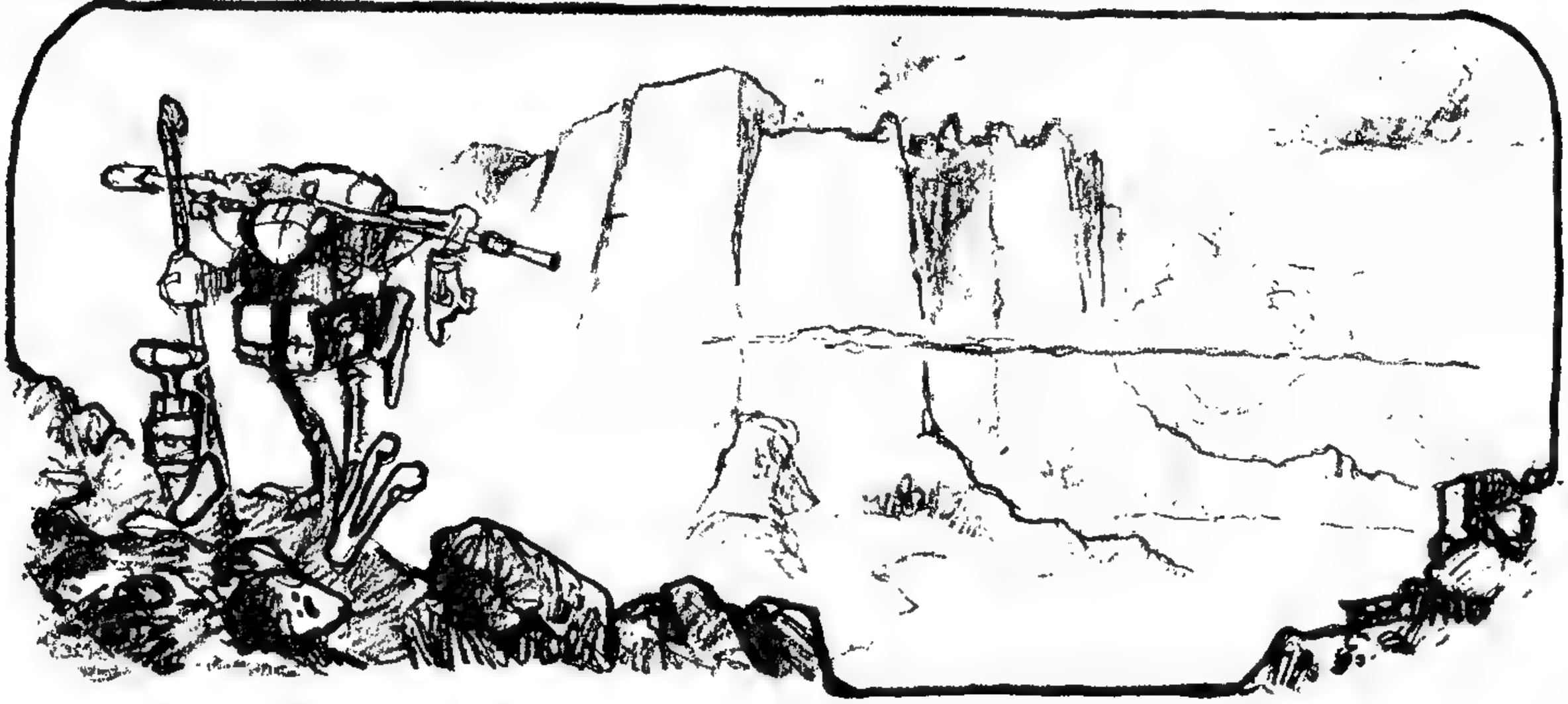


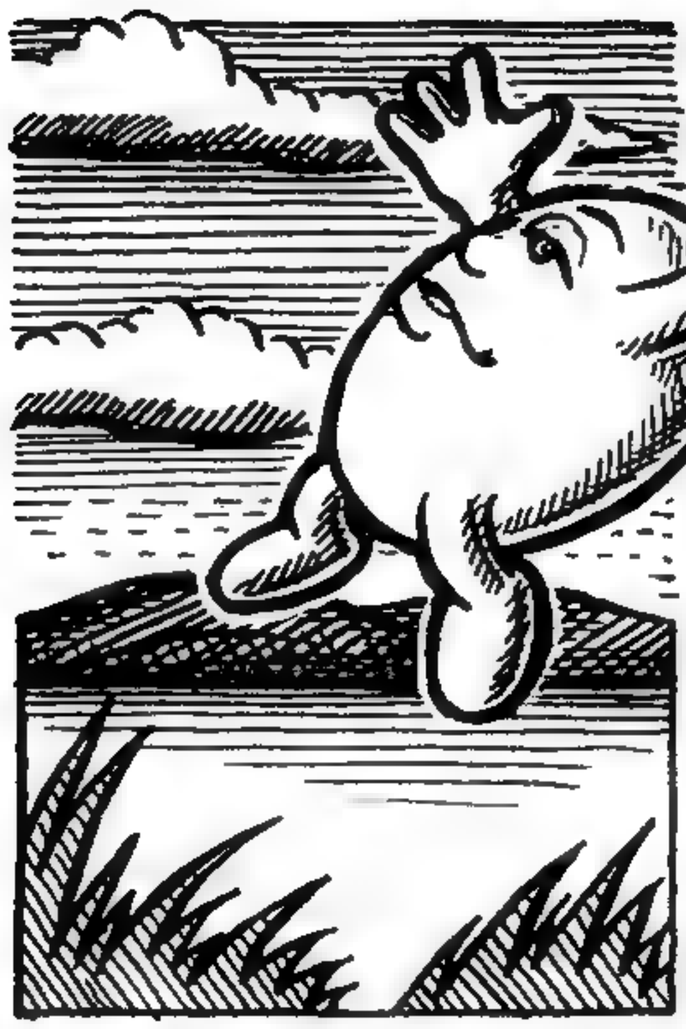
IT SEEM ALL 15 THOUSAND PUNKERS 'BOUGHT DA' FARM'... TO.. AH.. BE HONEST WHEN WE SAW ALL DEM UGLY PHALIC SYMBOLS FLOATIN' DOWN WE SORTA' HELPED MACHINE GUN THA' LOT... FOR SIX MORE DAYS WE POUNDED AT BLUESTONE WITH MINOR SUCCESS... AHH. BUT ON DAT CHRISTMESS DAY WE GOT EM! MOLE DIGGERS REACHED A POINT 1 MILE UNDER BLUE STONE 26 TACTICAL H-BOMBS AND A BOX OF HAND GRENADES WAS SET OFF IN OUR TUNNEL. MAN' DA WHOLE DAMN MOUNTAIN JUMPED FIVE FEET!... WELL, SOME HOURS OF RESISTANCE BEFORE WE FOUGHT OUR WAY INTO DA' MOUNTAIN DEEP ENOUGH TO DUMP TON'S OF RUST GAS DOWN THE VENTELATORS DAT LED TO SUBTERRAINIAN BOMB SHELTERS.....

WE SET UP HUNDREDS OF GUNNERS IN THE PASSAGES AND WAITED FOR THA CREEKIN', GASPIN' FANATICS TO STUMBLE OUT.. AN THEY DID.... IT WAS BEAUTIFUL, WE SHOT SO MANY OUR GUNS WERE BURSTIN'... BUT DAT'S WAR, NOT SAID TO BE EASY... NOW, MOST ALL DIS TIME I WAS STANDIN' AROUN LAUGHIN AN SHOOTIN' PICTURES OF DA GLORIOUS SLAUGHTER...



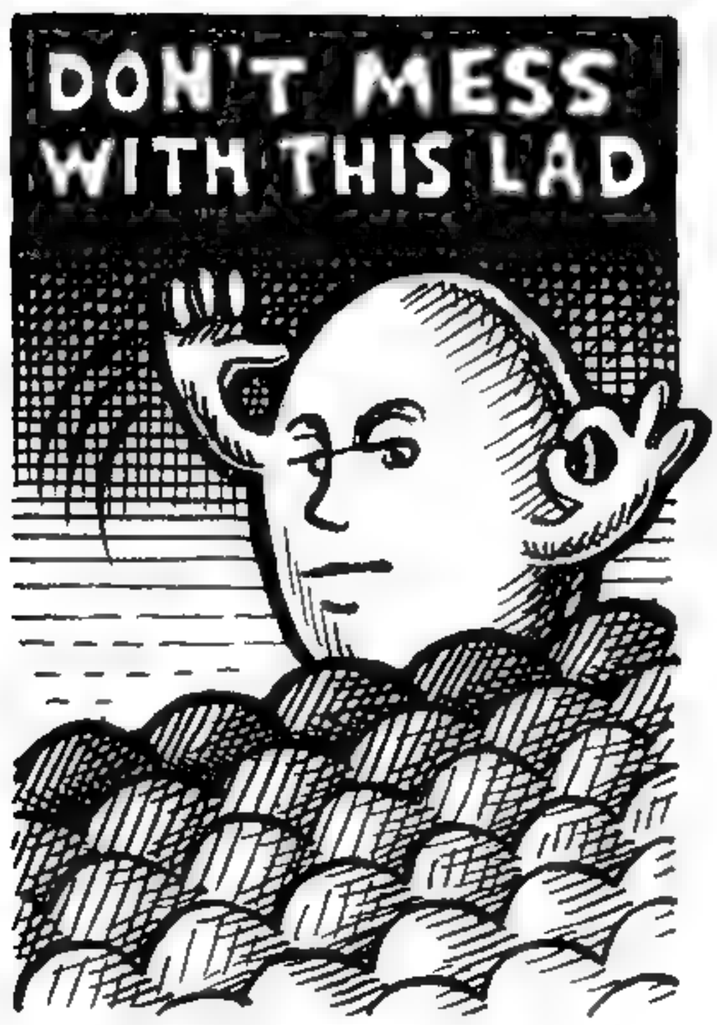
BUT DEN WE HEAR IT... A WEIRD, UGLY SOUND COMING UP OUTTA' DA LOWER TUNNELS. IN AN HOUR IT WAS JUST BELOW ..WE WAS DONE SHOOTIN THE FANATICS SO WE WAS QUIET AND WATCHED DOWN INTO DA DARK.... SINCE I IS A SCHOLAR OF SORTS, I IS DA FIRST TO RECOGNIZE DA SOUNDS AS HUMANS, "HUMANS", I YELLS OUT "HUMANS COMIN BY THA VERY THOUSANDS!"... I THINK DAT DA' ONLY TIME I HAS EVER SEEN ALL MACHINES OF DIFFERENT DESIGNS RESPOND SO REAL QUIETLY TO A SITUATION... WE ALL LOOKED IN BIG DIS-BELIEF AS THEY CAME MARCHIN OUT. AND NOISE! MAN DA' NOISE THEY WAS MAKIN' WAS ENOUGH TO SHIVER YER' ELECTRIC BACK CONDUCTORS! ..THEY GATHERED IN A GREAT ROOM WHILE WE WATCHED.... THEY PUT UP A TREE AND MADE GREAT NOISES WITH WORDS... OF COURSE WE WAS GOING TO KILL THEM BUT WE ALL FELT REAL BAD TINGLINGS INSIDE.. I MEANS WE RAISED OUR WEAPONS DEN LOWERED EM'. WE KNEW ABOUT RADIATION AN HOW IT KILLS DEM. WE KNEW DA PLACE WAS THICK WITH IT.. SO.. WE LEFT THEM DOWN IN BLUE STONE... WITH THEIR TREE...

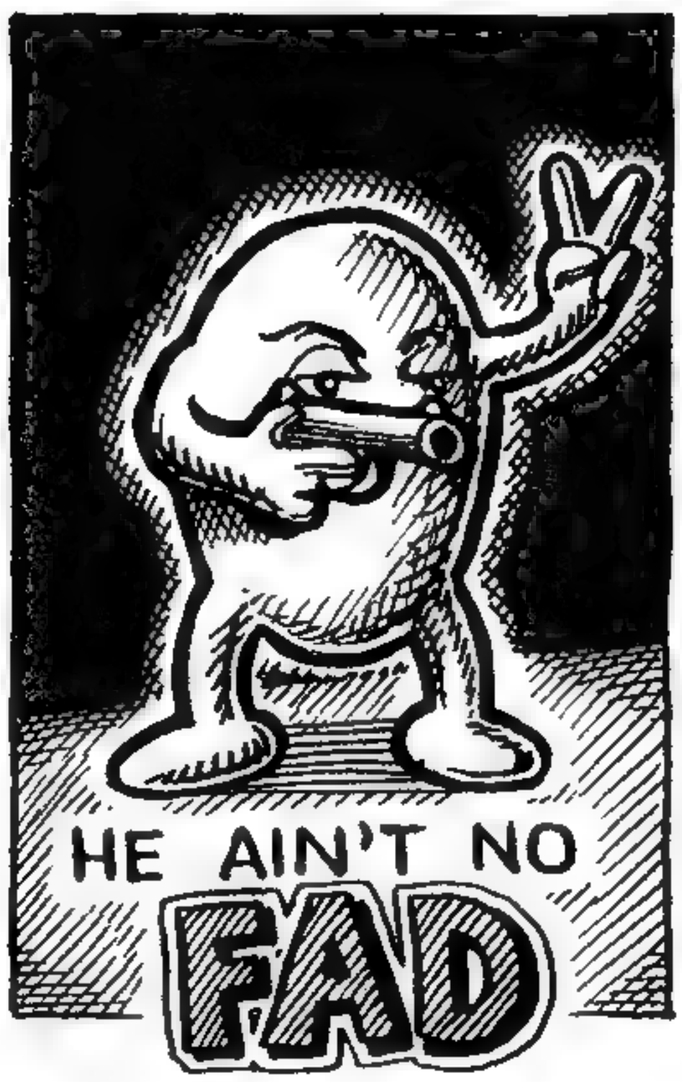


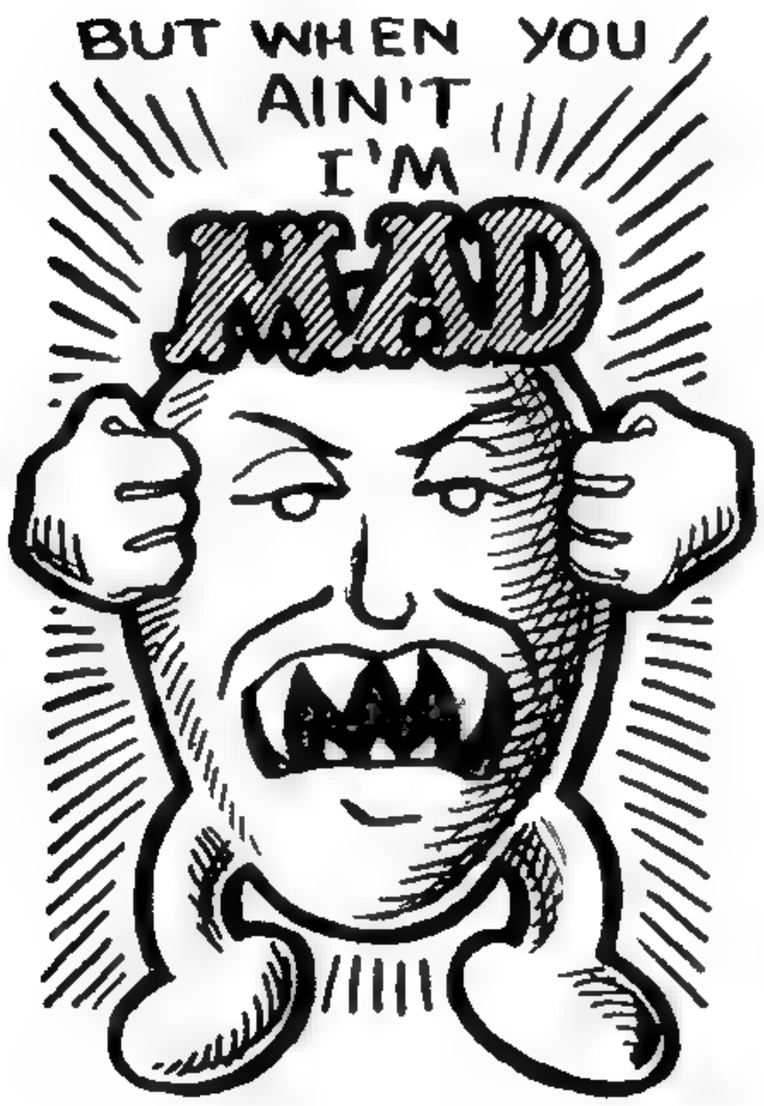


I'M BAD

TOO BAD TO BE HAD!
WHEN YOU'RE MY BROTHER, I'M GLAD


DON'T MESS WITH THIS LAD


HE AIN'T NO FAD

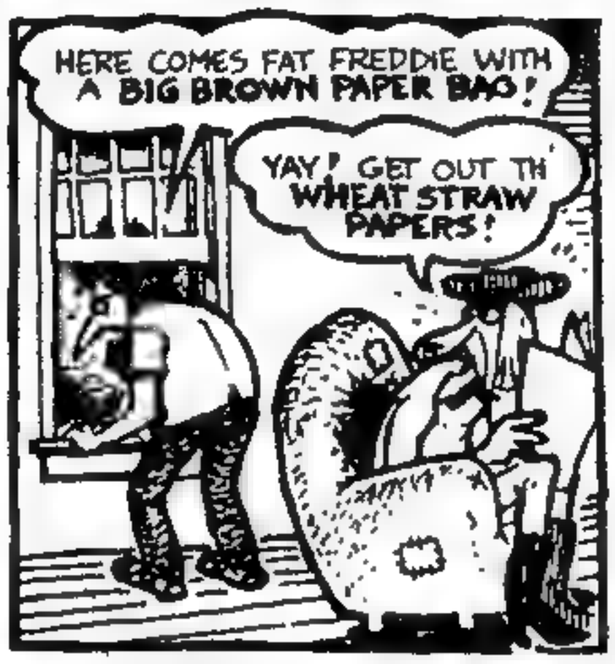

BUT WHEN YOU AIN'T I'M MAD

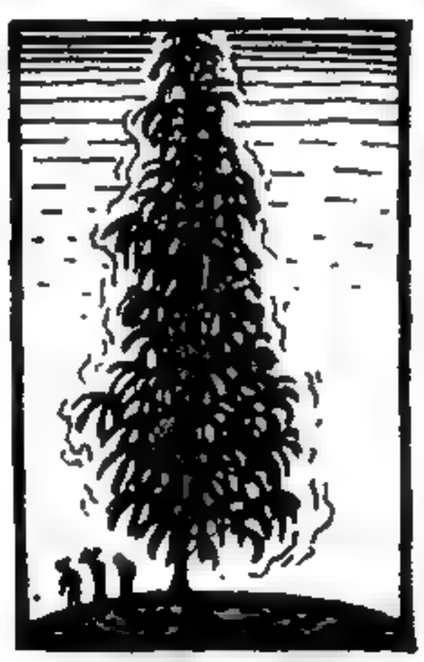
SO TAKE A TIP AND DON'T GET SAD—

GET BAD!

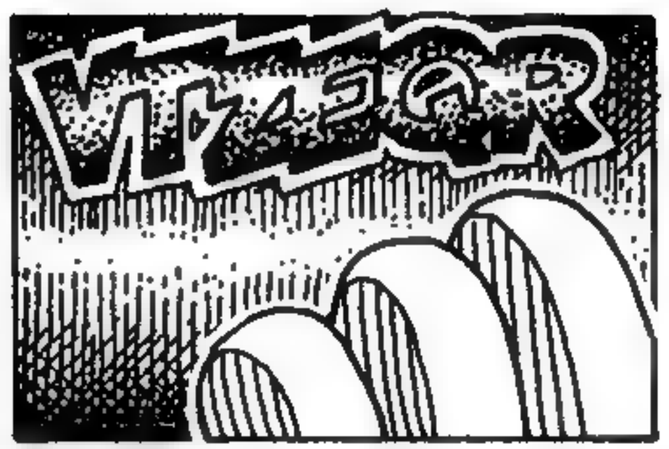
# THOSE LOVEABLE FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

by Gilbert Shelton





UPS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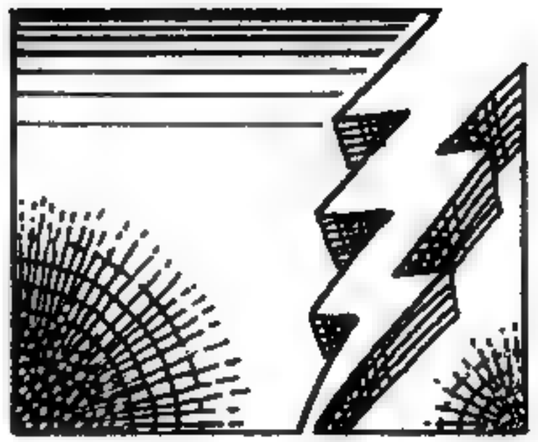
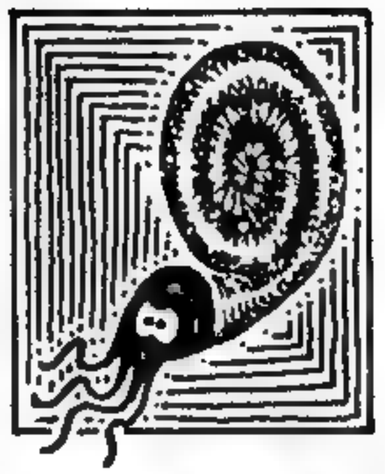
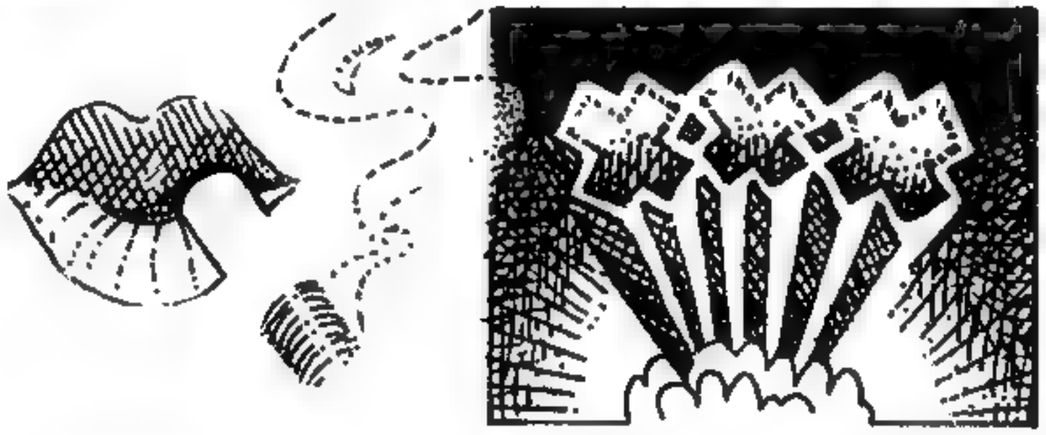
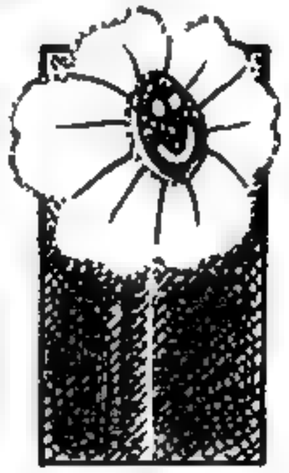
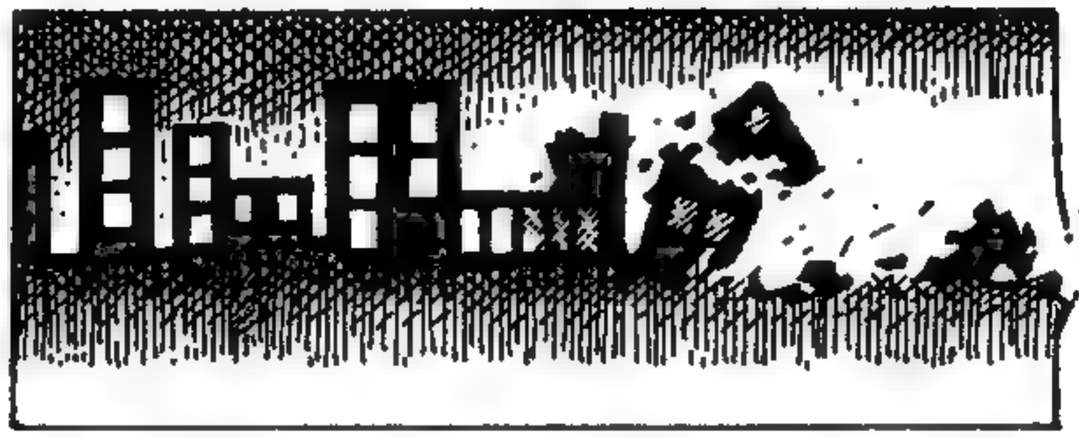
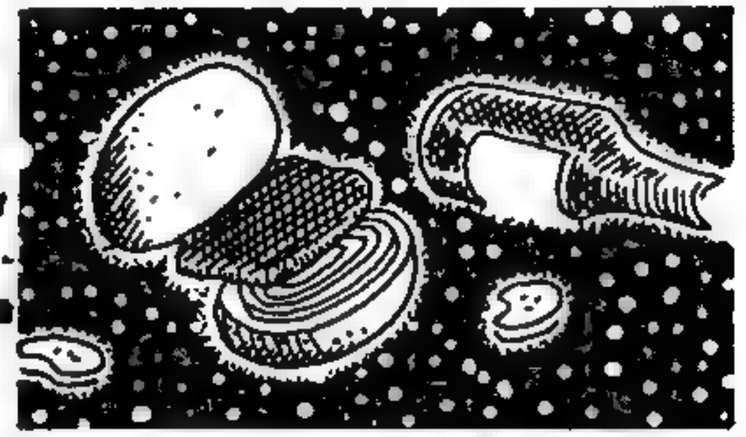
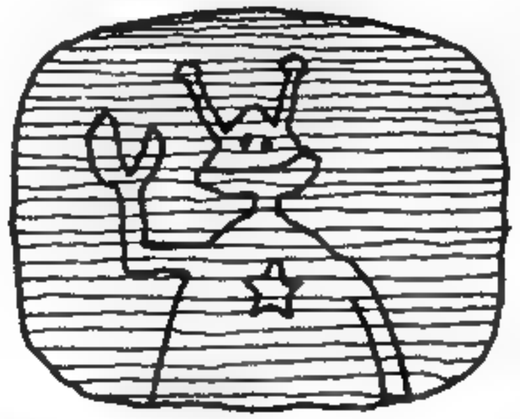
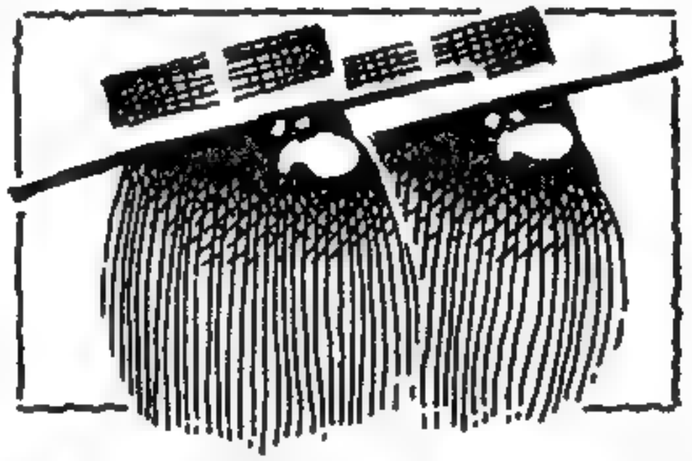
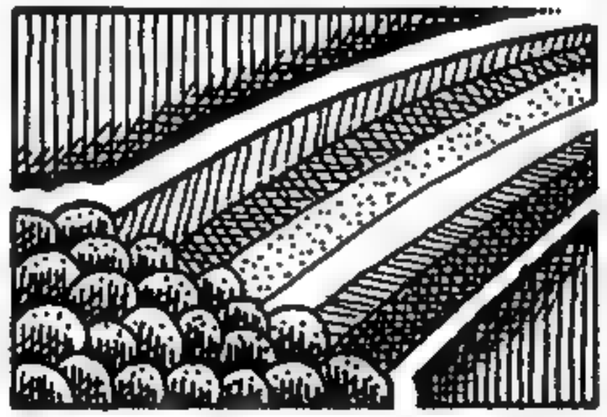
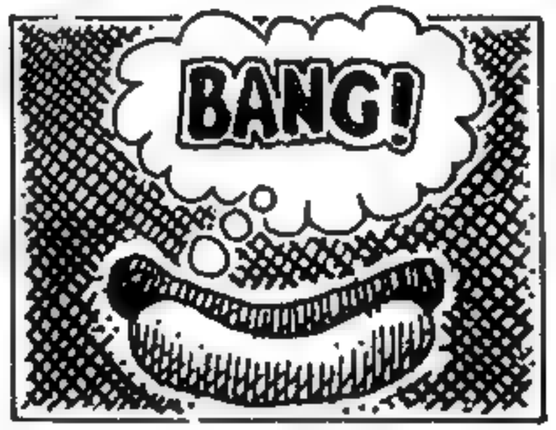
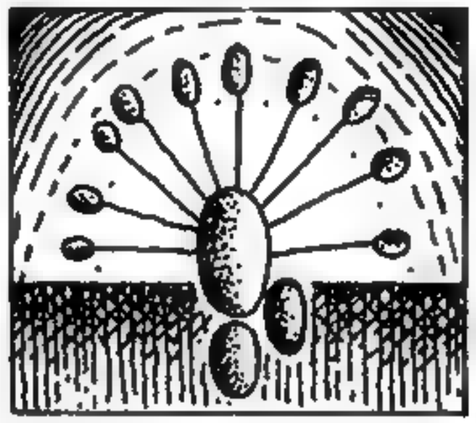
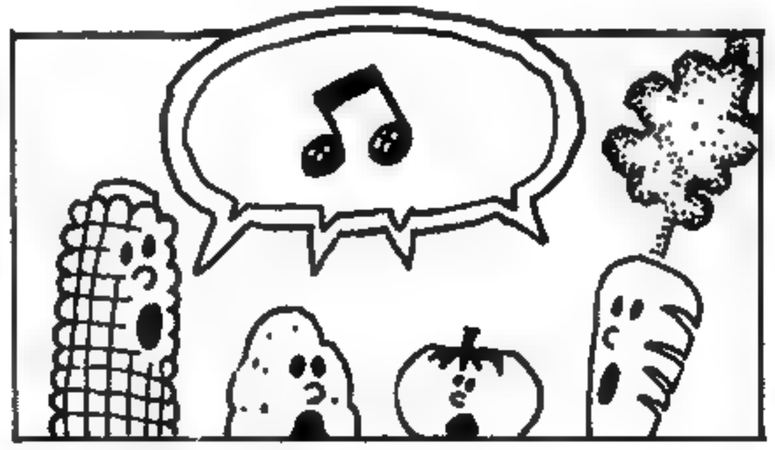
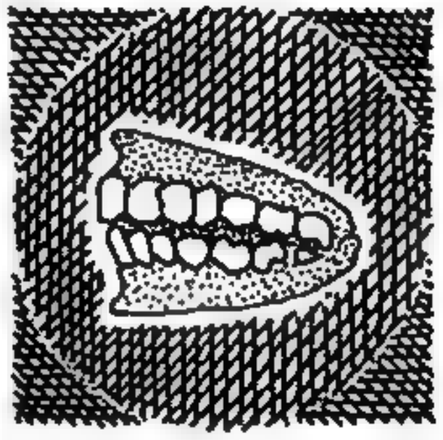
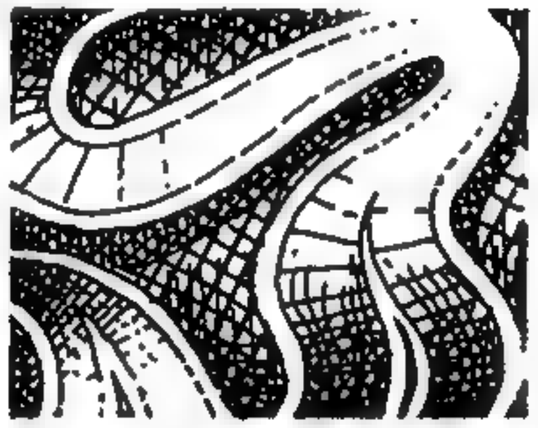
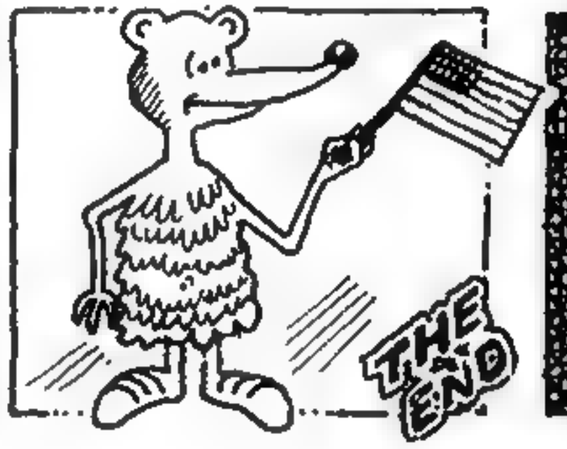
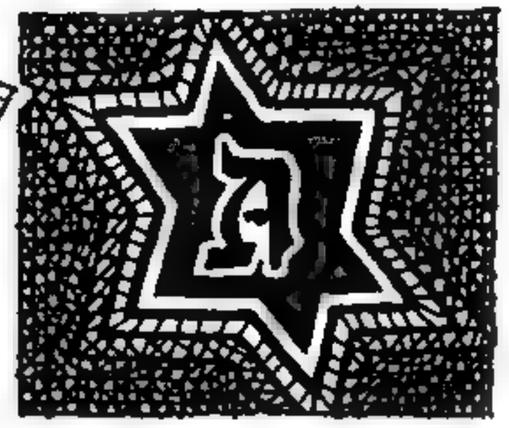


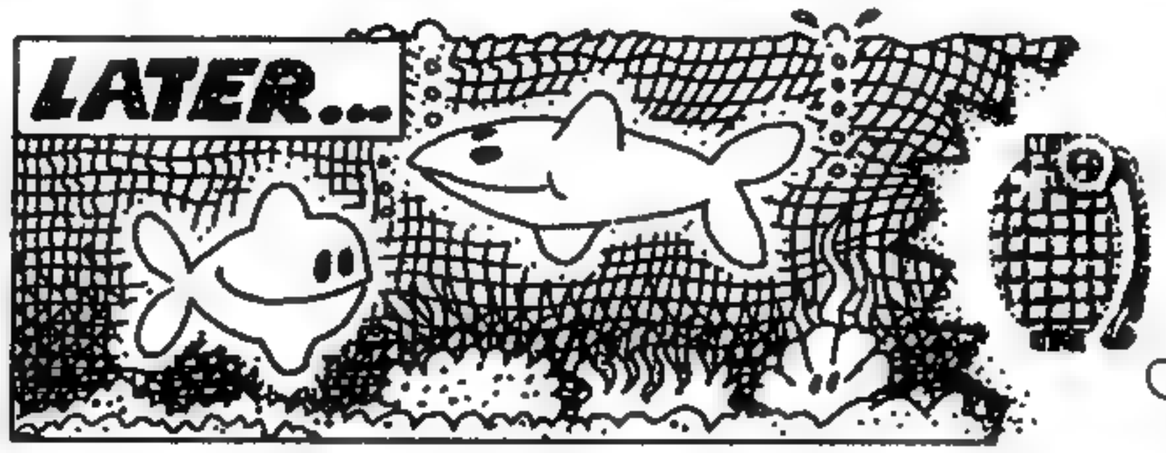










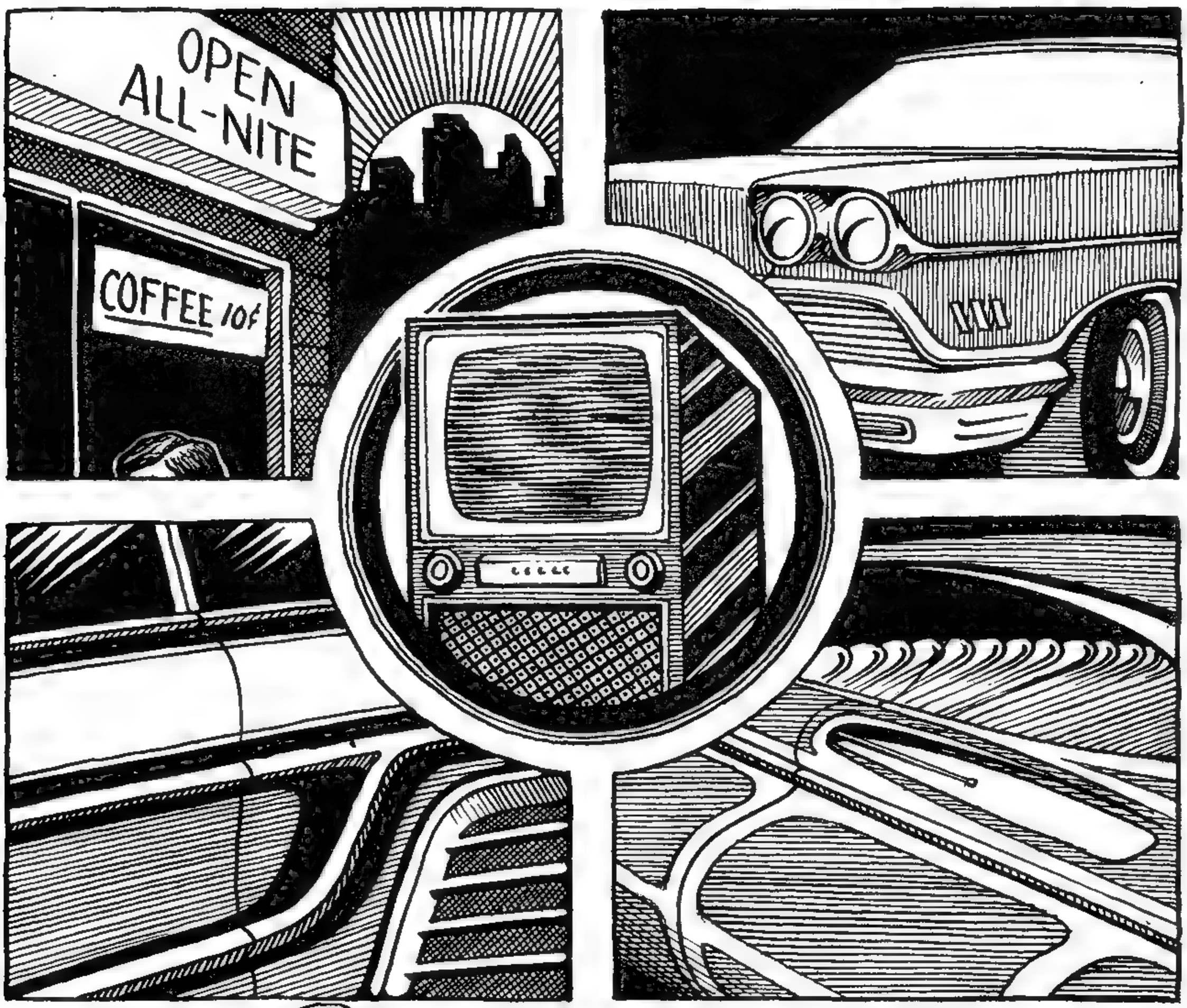

BANG!


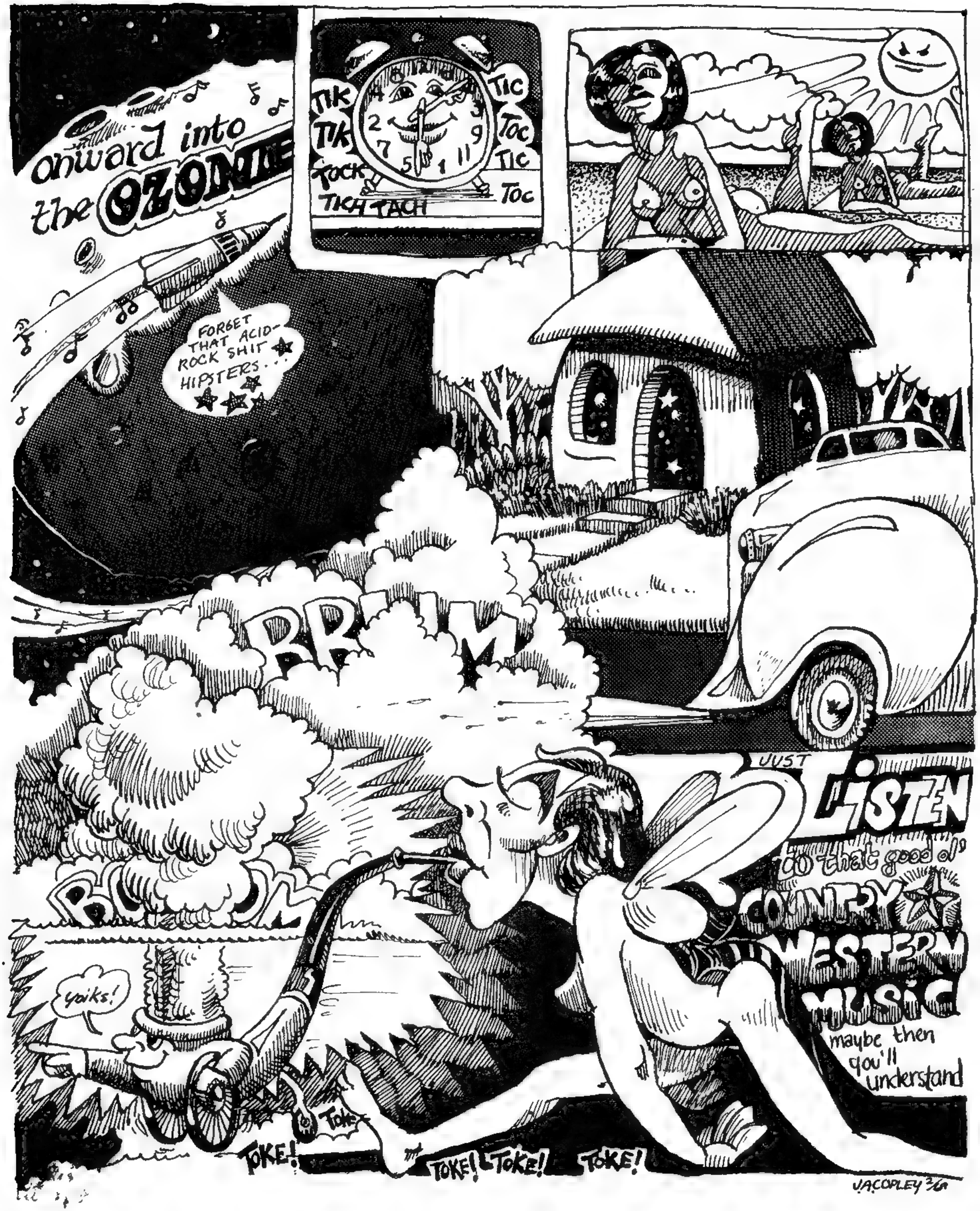



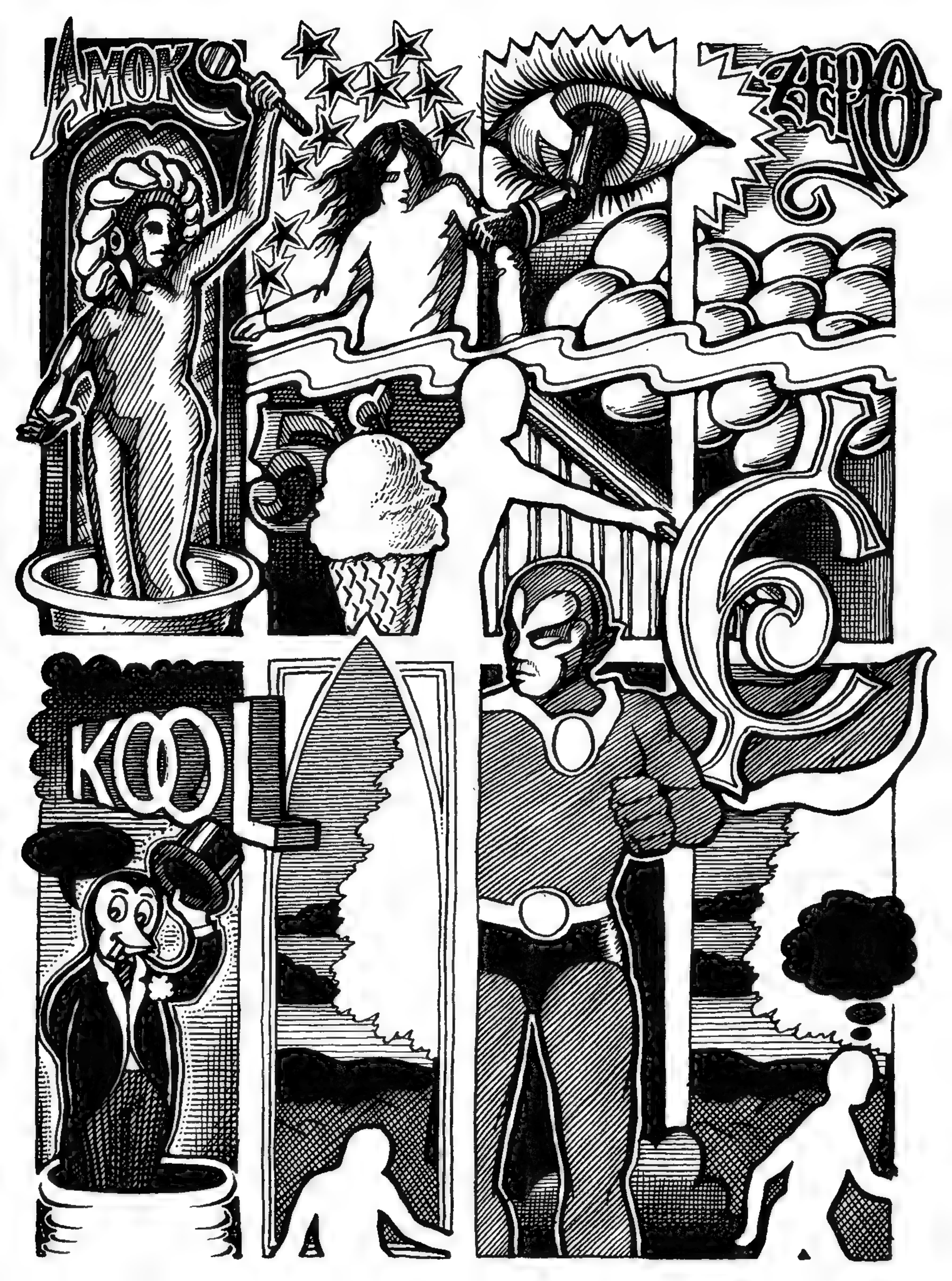


THE END



LATER...

# تيم بعد تيم




onward into the OZONE
TIK TIK TOCK TICK TACH
TIC TOC TIC TOC
FORGET THAT ACID-ROCK SHIT HIPSTERS...
RR M
RRUM
JUST LISTEN to that good ol' COUNTRY WESTERN MUSIC maybe then you'll understand
yaiks!
TOKE!
Toke
TOKE! TOKE! TOKE!
J.A.COPLEY '66

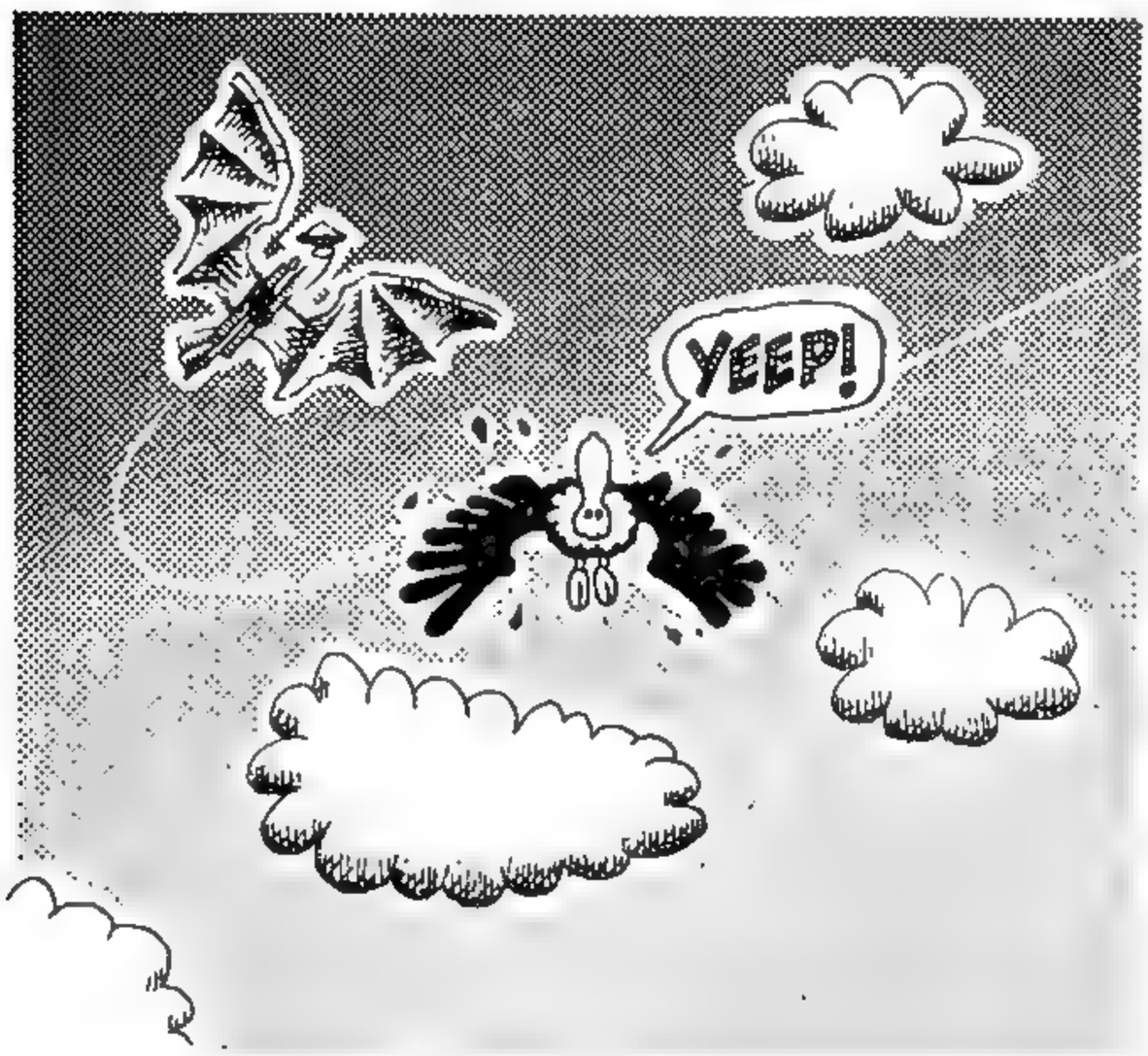

AMOK
ZEPO
KOOL

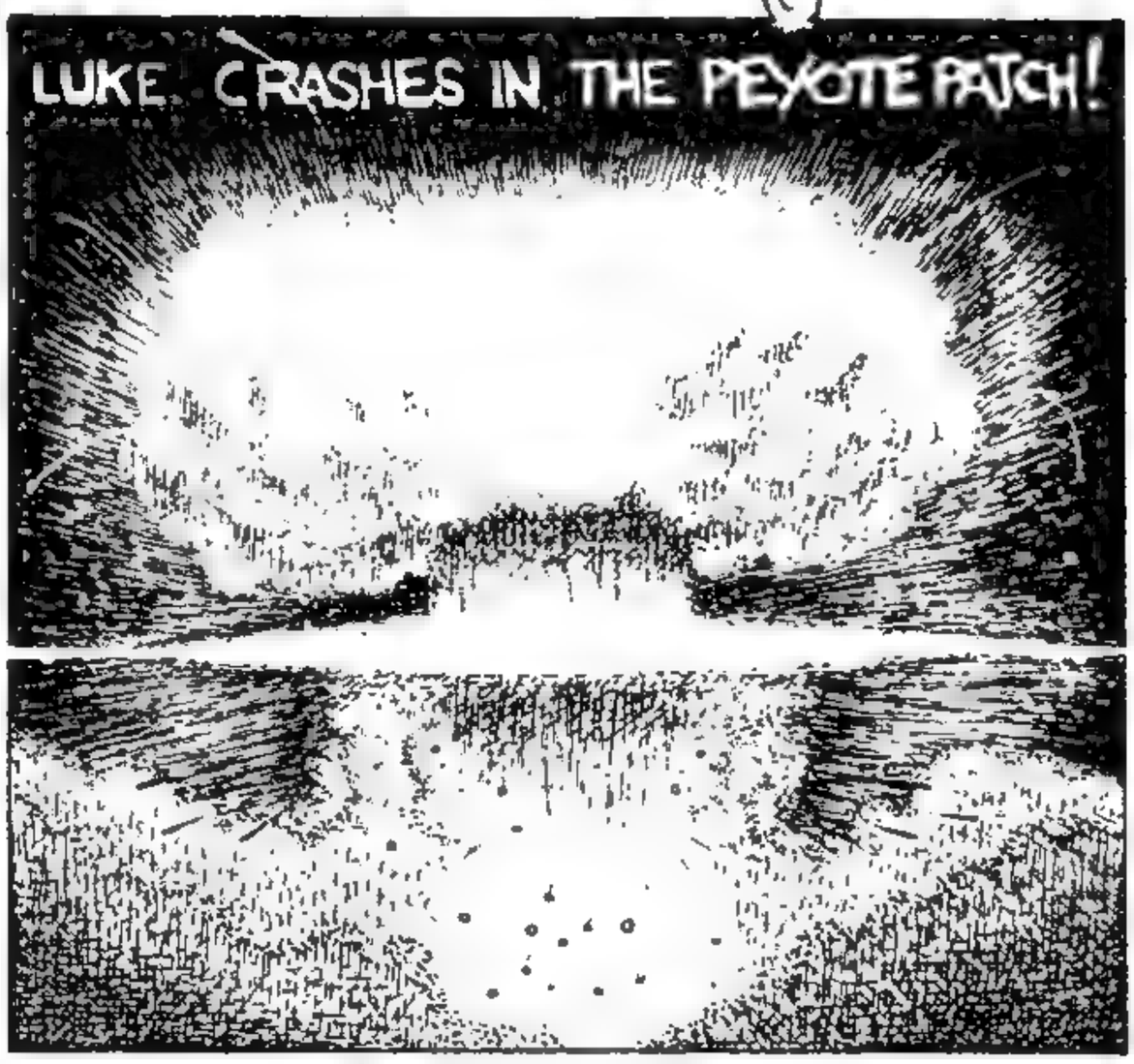
# LIL' LUKE BUZZARD in "A SHARE IN THE FUTURE"

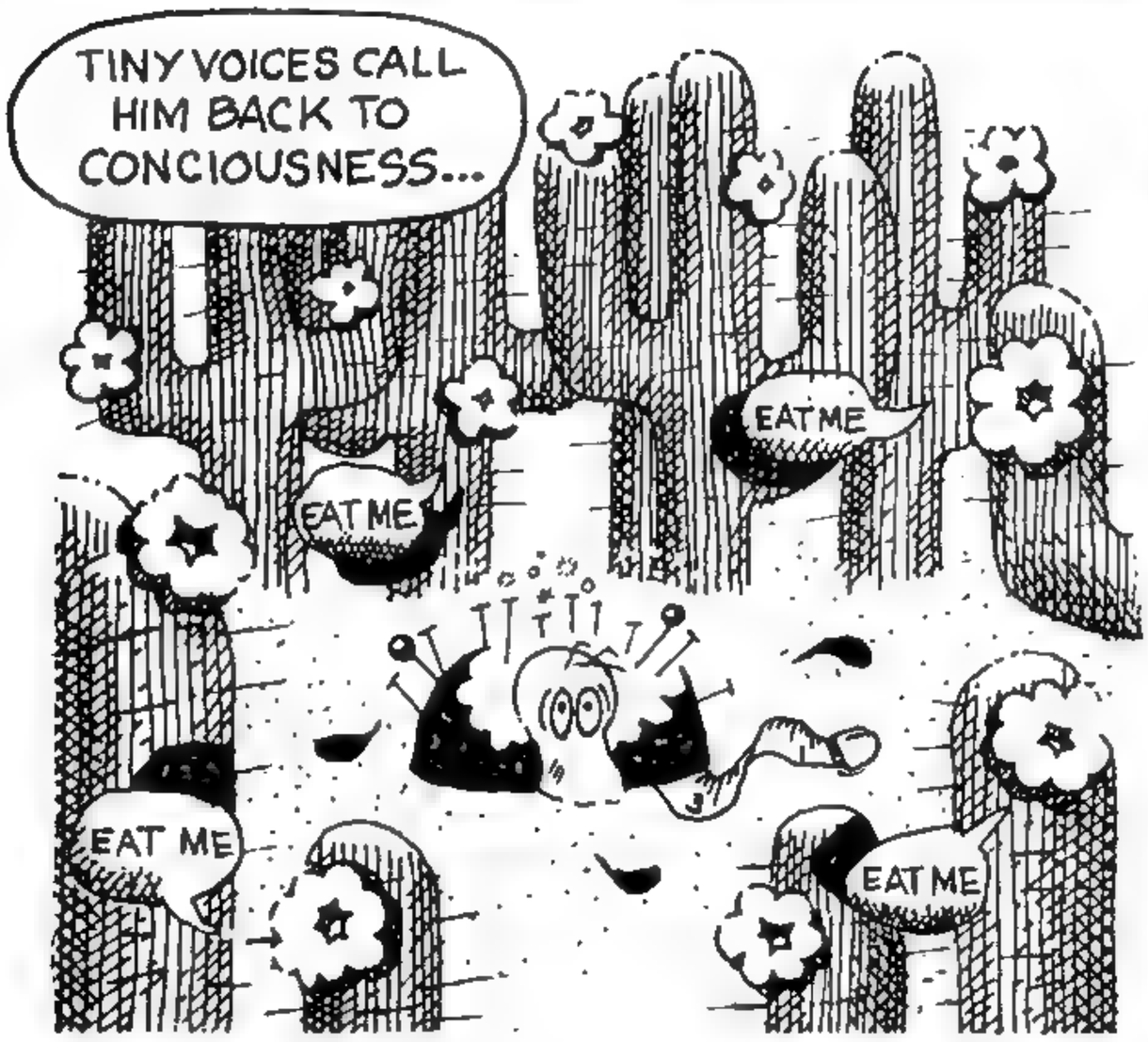
TALE: JERRY YOUNKINS ART: CARL LUNDGREN

LI'L LUKE SPLITS FOR 12TH CANYON
THAT SMOKE AHEAD CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING!
FIRE

SUDDENLY LI'L LUKE IS CONFRONTED BY AN ONCOMING AIRCRAFT!


YEEP!

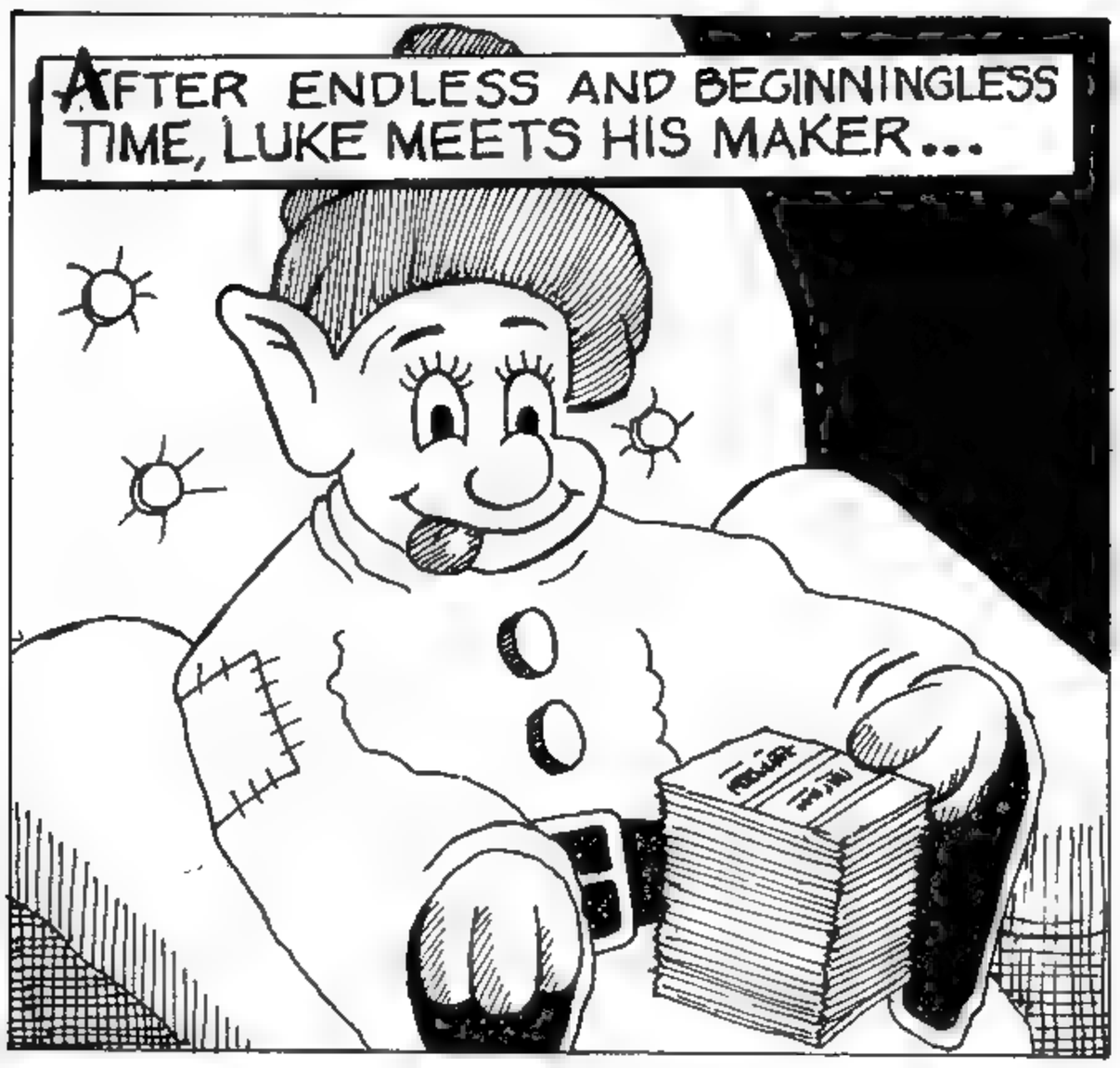

LUKE CRASHES IN THE PEYOTE PATCH!


TINY VOICES CALL HIM BACK TO CONCIOUSNESS...
EAT ME
EAT ME
EAT ME
EAT ME

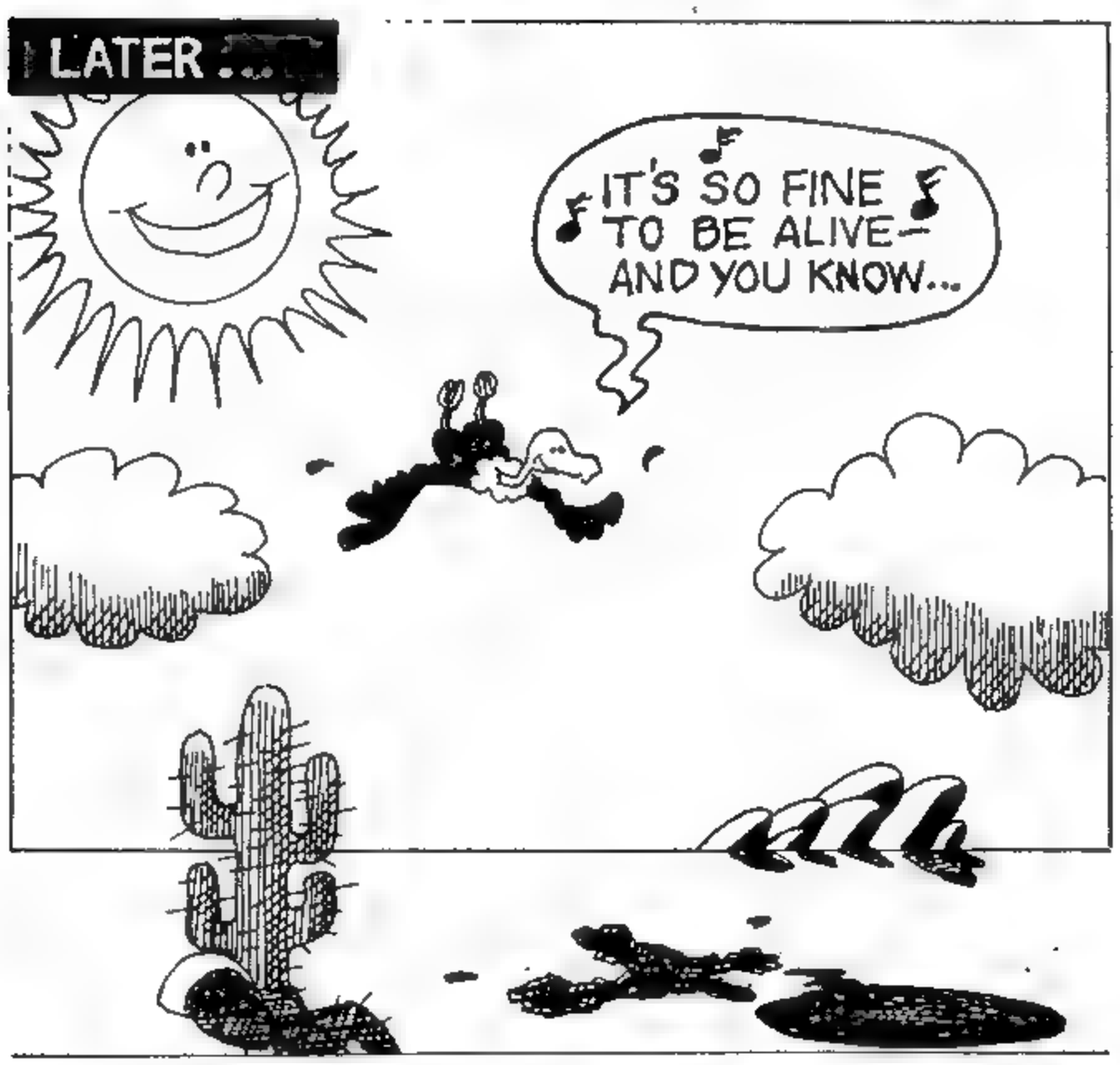
LUKE BEGINS TO HALLUCINATE FIERCELY...
GOBBLE! MUNCH! CHOMP!

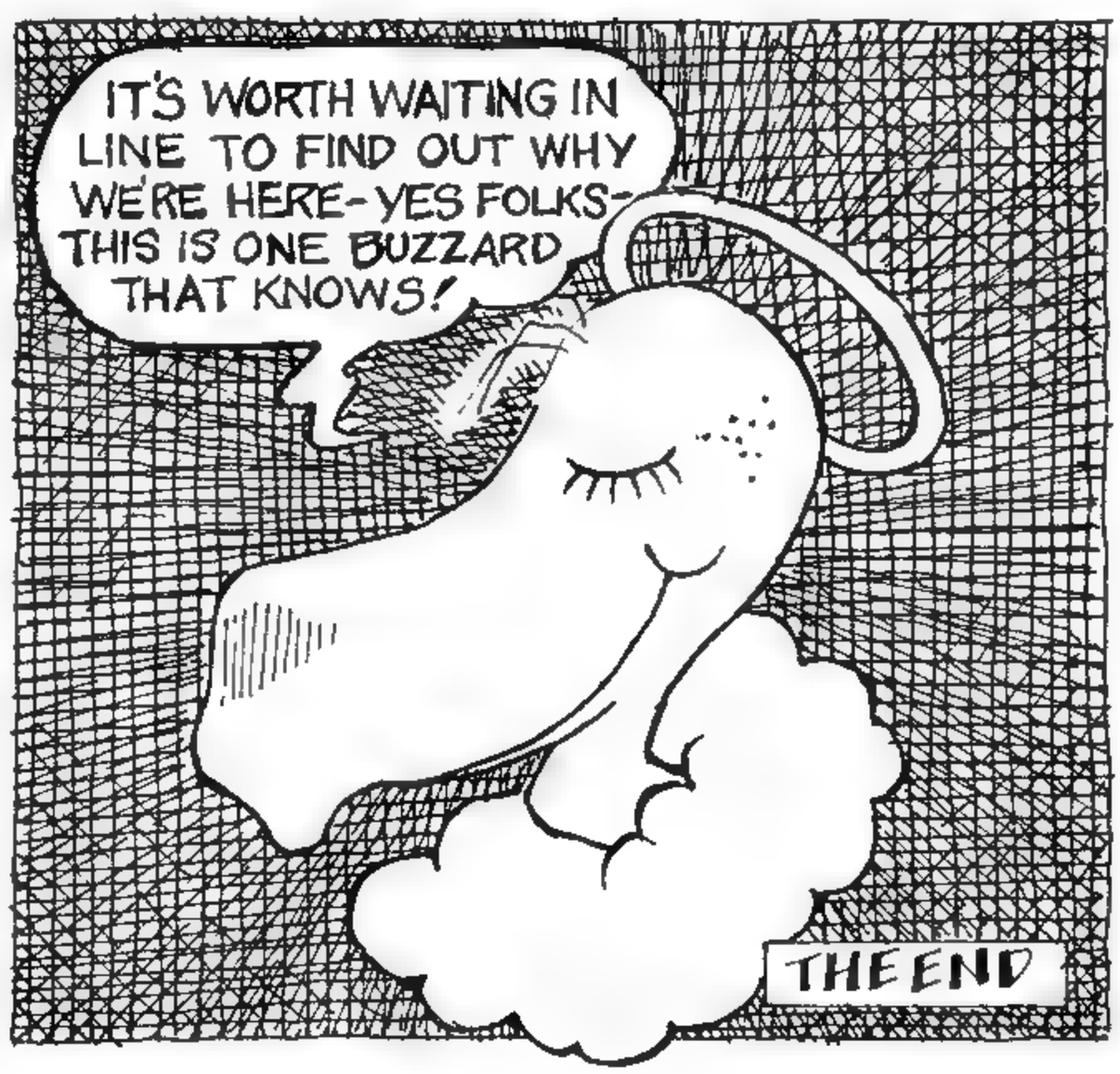
IN A MOMENT OF GRACE, THE WAY IS REVEALED!

HE TAKES HIS PLACE IN LINE...
WONDER IF THEY'LL RUN OUT...
Dali


AFTER ENDLESS AND BEGINNINGLESS TIME, LUKE MEETS HIS MAKER...

MY SON — THE LEAST OF MY CREATURES IS NO LESS CLOSE TO MY HEART — HERE — GO IN PEACE
ONE SHARE IN THE FUTURE
GOSH!


LATER...
IT'S SO FINE TO BE ALIVE — AND YOU KNOW...


IT'S WORTH WAITING IN LINE TO FIND OUT WHY WE'RE HERE - YES FOLKS - THIS IS ONE BUZZARD THAT KNOWS!
THE END

eaer
1996
1991
GRIMSHAW

WELCOME BACK it's 1958
sure it is
all you GAMP GROOVERS
NUCLEAR HOLD-OUT FUNNIES
CORPORATE POWER-SEEKER COMICS
TRUE TOYS
by CHRIS FRUITE
Oh! Honey!
MARCE
SPELL

Detroit - Grand River at Beverly, one block south of Joy - 8:30 p.m. - You must be 17 - Phone 834-4904 or 834-9348
Adv. Tickets: Grinnell's, Hudson's, House of Mystique, Mixed Media, Chumleys, 124½ W. Gd. River E.Lansing, Discount Records
Also April 4, Wicked Religion - April 5, Maxx - April 7, Sky - April 8, Caste - April 9, Third Power - April 10, Commander Cody
Adm. April 4,5 $3.50, April 6-10 $2.50, April 11-13 $4.00 April 18,19,25,26 $5.00 No Age Limit on Sunday

A Pyramid Scan
C2C • Quality • CBZ